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TWO things struck us forcibly as we finished reading Judge Lindsey's article on Companionate Marriage, printed in this issue. The first was the immense price—in courage, strength, reputation, and peace of mind—which Judge Lindsey has had to pay for advancing a social idea which his experience has convinced him is valuable. The second was the astounding fact that, despite all the ignorant hue and cry, the editorials, sermons, arguments, letters, speeches, scarcely a few thousand of us have read his book and actually know what he is talking about.

IS a man, then, right or wrong, to be shouted down by ignorance, passion, prejudice? Is that the best an educated democracy can do with any proposed solution which involves genuine differences of opinion? Even one proposed by an admittedly honest man, a good citizen, and a reputable judge?

It would seem so.

PREACHERS have used Judge Lindsey's suggestion to draw crowds. Magazines have printed dozens of articles which reinforce current views on the subject of marriage, and so have secured more subscribers. Newspapers have reported everything which possessed even a faint hint of anything startling concerning his proposal—and so raised their circulation. But not one person in ten thousand has taken the pains to read Judge Lindsey's book and honestly and carefully weigh the merit of his suggestion. Even the magazine which originally printed his articles used them only for sensational purposes, and made no sincere effort to examine their worth as a solution for a social problem.

AND what is this revolutionary proposal of Judge Lindsey? "Legal marriage with legalized birth control and with the right to divorce by mutual consent for childless couples, usually without payment of alimony."

THE editors of The Outlook have not yet made up their minds in their judgment of Judge Lindsey's proposal. All the evidence is not yet in. But we are glad to print this statement of a man who has admittedly given more thought to the subject than have most of us, and who has the courage to advance his conclusions. In our view, the outcry against him is both disgraceful and absurd.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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THE VAMPER

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The Outlook

April 25, 1928

The World This Week

The Bremen's Adventure

JUST as the time limit had all but passed and hope for the Bremen was about to change into despair there came the news that the German monoplane with its two German and one Irish aviators had made an "intermediate" landing—that is, one halfway between a crash and a square, straight meeting of the ground—on Greenly Island, in the Strait of Belle Isle, between northwestern Newfoundland and the eastern coast of the province of Quebec. The damage to the plane was not destructive, but enough to prevent immediate resumption of the proposed flight to New York. Captain Koehl, Baron von Huenefeld, and Captain Fitzmaurice were unhurt.

Considering all the circumstances, the fliers were fortunate. The Bremen had been thirty-eight hours in the air, and had been for four hours or more so harassed by snow, sleet, and wind that the aviators were only too glad to land on the first feasible spot they saw—a little ice-covered lake in Greenly Island.

The landing was on April 13, and by April 16 it was considered probable that the Bremen might be repaired and that either in the Bremen or in another plane the journey to New York would be resumed. A Canadian plane secured by the North American Newspaper Alliance (of which the Toronto "Star" and the New York "World" are members) flew from Murray Bay to Blanc Sablon, close to Greenly Island, nearly a thousand miles, arriving on April 15. The aviators put its aid at the service of the Bremen, and obtained the first clear and full story of the Bremen's voyage. It is notable that the statement is made that "the compass began to fail." In a radio talk on April 15 Lieutenant-Commander Fitzhugh Green stated his belief that the uncertainties of the deviation of the needle in northern latitudes might well have been a contributing cause to the loss of the other planes which have tried the east-to-west crossing of the ocean.

The Bremen's flight is the first nonstop crossing of the North Atlantic from east to west. In the round-the-world flight of 1924 two American planes flew from Great Britain to America, but with stops in Iceland and Greenland.

Unsensational Heroism

THERE is something in human nature that almost demands that an adventure of daring and intrepidity should be carried to a heroic and successful end. The Bremen's crew will receive honor and recognition. But more and more it is coming to be seen that the solid value of air adventure is in that which results, not from heroic taking of risks alone, but from such cruises and experiments as can reasonably be safeguarded and their records assured of being recorded and studied. Costes and Le Brix, for instance, who almost simultaneously with the Bremen's arrival on the American coast reached Paris at the end of a round-the-world journey of 35,000 miles which had avoided the longer and more dangerous ocean crossings, but has included visits to a very large number of countries in four continents, have made a record which stands by itself and demonstrates that the airplane is becoming a sound method of travel and communication. Byrd's proposed long stay in the South Polar regions gives evidence of a plan to accomplish scientific study of wide range and with serious care. Air flights like these and Lindbergh's "good will" journey may not be sensational, but they have attained definite and worth-while results.

Turkey Disestablishes Mohammedanism

IN the land where the Sultan formerly as Caliph was the spiritual head of all Mohammedans the State has displaced the Church. The Turkish National Assembly at Angora has amended the Constitution to omit reference to Mohammedanism as the religion of the Turkish Republic and requiring Deputies to take the oath of office henceforth upon their honor instead of before Allah.

Fourteen years ago the Sultan as Caliph proclaimed a Holy War and called the faithful to the struggle against the Allied Powers. But not all the faithful responded. Arab and Indian Mohammedans fought for the Allies. Today, not only is the Caliphate abolished in Turkey, but Mohammedanism is ignored by the authorities although left free as a faith.

What the effect may be in the rest of the Mohammedan world it is impossible to predict. But Ibn Saud, the fanatical orthodox Mohammedan chief of southern Arabia, ruling from Mecca, may see an opportunity to acquire the religious authority Turkey has renounced.

Excommunication for a Suit

FOR bringing suit against the Roman Catholic Bishop of Providence in a dispute over the use of certain parish funds, the editor of "La Sentinelle" and others have been excommunicated by the Sacred Congregation of the Council at Rome.

The fact that the suits were dismissed by the Court does not affect the act of excommunication. Appeal was taken from the decision of the trial judge, and there was no voluntary withdrawal of the case or any expression of repentance.

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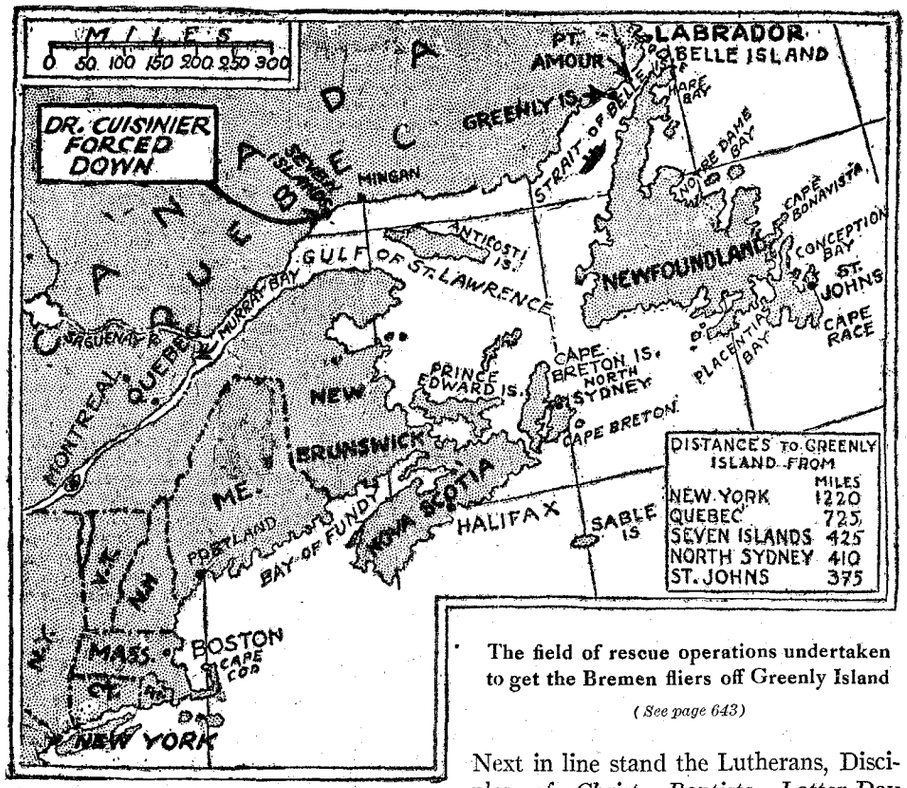

The field of rescue operations undertaken to get the Bremen fliers off Greenly Island

(See page 643)

Courtesy of the New York Herald Tribune

The offense consisted in citing representatives of the Church into a civil court.

To those who truly believe the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church excommunication is an awful sentence. The excommunicated is excluded from the sacraments. If he participates in the sacraments, he is guilty of sin; but, since excommunication does not absolve him from the obligation of assisting at mass, he is therefore guilty of sin for staying away. He is thus condemned, not merely to punishment, but what is worse, to sin.

Therefore for this action which is ordinarily regarded as within the right of every American citizen in appealing for decision in a legal case to the civil courts of his country the Roman Catholic Church, exercising its authority through the Sacred Congregation at Rome, has inflicted the severest punishment it can command over the minds of its adherents.

Churches Gain

THE churches of the United States seem to be doing pretty well. A census taken by the "Christian Herald" reports 48,594,163 church members, a gain of 573,000 in 1927. The increase in 1926 was slightly less than 490,000.

The Catholic group, including Roman, Polish, and American Old Catholics, gained 183,889 members and stand at the head of the list. Next come the Methodists, with a gain of 150,910. Next in line stand the Lutherans, Disciples of Christ, Baptists, Latter-Day Saints, Oriental Catholics, Reformed Brethren, United Brethren, and Adventists, in the order named. The only denominations reporting losses are the Presbyterians and the Society of Friends.

Because, it is believed, of consolidation of churches, the number of ministers fell off about 1,500. Churches similarly were fewer by 1,470.

Champions!

MEET Mr. Otto Kemmerich, of Hamburg, world's champion stayer-in-the-water. He swam into fame and the news by churning around a circular basin only forty-four feet in diameter for forty-six hours, beating by fourteen hours the former record holder, Mrs. Lottie Moore Schoemmell, of New York.

Herr Kemmerich entered the water accompanied by his pet sea lion, Leo. It was freely predicted that Leo would easily outlast his master, but—animals being notoriously less intelligent than men—Leo went to sleep after ten hours and could only be persuaded to resume the contest by a snack of fresh herring. Herr Kemmerich ate, too—fried eggs, chocolate, coffee, cocoa, and fruit; but he never wavered in his course.

Leo remained in the contest until he had eaten about thirty-five pounds of fresh herring; then he became so languid that attendants removed him from the pool.

In New Jersey, Daredevil Baden drove his car steadily for 132 hours. Then, eyes bloodshot, limbs almost paralyzed, in a state of utter fatigue, he was lifted out of his seat and sent to a hospital for treatment and observation.

In St. Paul, Minnesota, Alvin Bunde and Theodore Syvertsen tried to see who could dodge sleep the longest. Bunde won, staying awake seventy-two hours. This contest seemed to touch off an epidemic of endurance contests in that city. Sylvia Moskowitz bounced a ball 2,710 times. Another girl skipped rope 535 times. Gustave Wilkoske and Lawrence Blossye kept their kite aloft forty-eight hours.

Always alert to report current events, The Outlook promises to inform its readers as new records are established by hot-dog, oyster, and pie swallowers, long-distance meat-eaters, and flagpole sitters. Our favorite of the week, however, is Leo, the sleepy sea lion. Leo's behavior seems to throw some light on the curious practices of his superiors.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's Gift

ALTHOUGH of Austrian birth, Mme. Schumann-Heink, the famous singer, was indefatigable in bringing good cheer to American service men during the war. She has now announced the gift of her large estate to be administered as a refuge for sick and disabled veterans and their families. She had lost two sons in the war—one in the German army, one in the American. To the veterans she has said: "You have honored me by calling me 'mother.' You honored me by honoring my boy, who died on a submarine. He may have killed some American boys with his submarine, but he could not help that. It was war, you know. But you honored him. That is why I give you Grossmont. I love you; that is why I do this. I will love you until the Great Commander calls me."

Her estate, the Grossmont, is near San Diego, California, on a height above the sea.

Fascism as a State Religion

MUSSOLINI may come and go—but Fascism goes on forever. That is the motto of the Fascist dictator for Italy.

With increasing frequency of late, the question has been asked what would happen if Mussolini should die or be forced to retire. Mussolini has answered. He is working to give the Fascist Grand Council a constitutional status and powers which would make it and the party it represents a permanent ruling power. Parliament would be an expert advisory council to the Government. And real authority would reside

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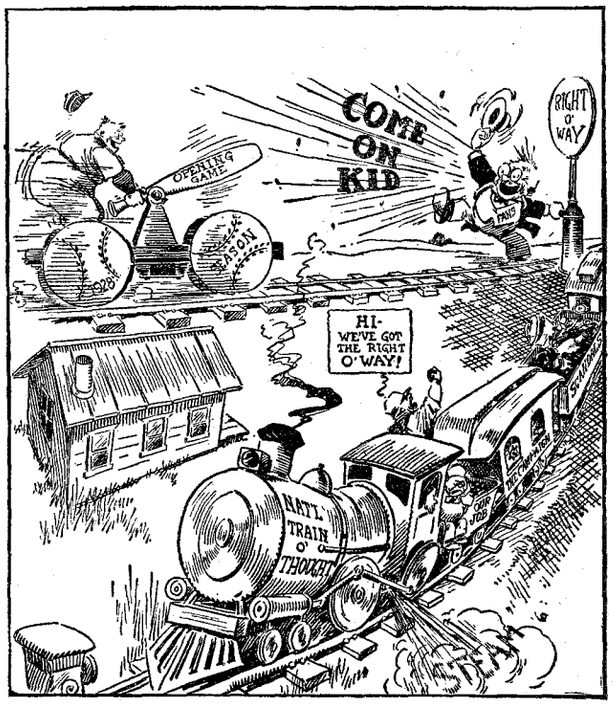
Cartoons of the Week

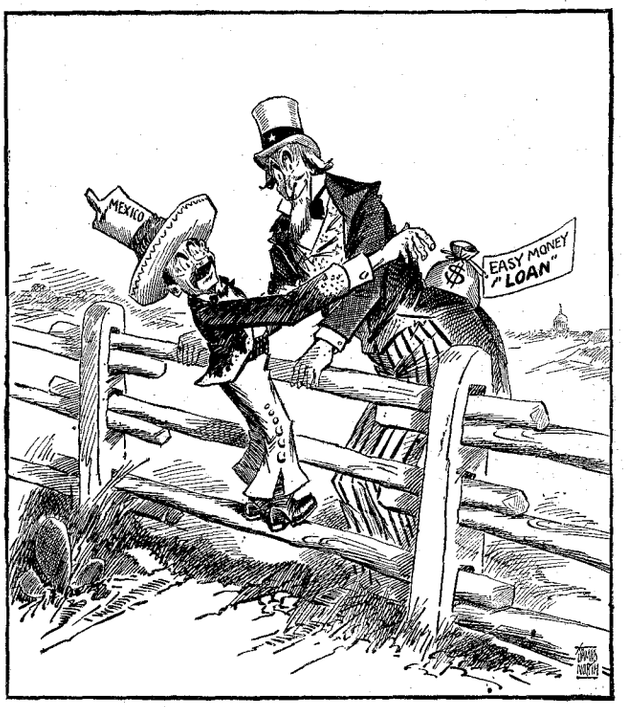
From the Pittsburgh Press



Side tracked!

From Miss Pauline Craig, Uniontown, Pa.

North in the Washington Post



Have a care, Uncle!

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Enright in the New York Evening World

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"I bet it's him that's doing it!"

From Jacob Dress, Providence, R. I.

Pease in the Newark (New Jersey) Evening News

Don't reach too far

From J. E. Watson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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with the Grand Council. Under the Fascist electoral plan, by which only Fascists or candidates approved by the Council can stand for office, that would give Italy a self-perpetuating Government as securely as any human scheme could. And the Fascist organizations of youth make very effective provision for oncoming generations.

Two months ago, Alfredo Rocco, Minister of Justice, compared the Fascist Grand Council to the Sacred College of Cardinals, one of whose duties is to select a new Pope when a Pope dies. Mussolini appoints all Fascist officials, as the Pope appoints archbishops and bishops through the Consistorial Assembly. Mussolini is taking the final logical step in preparing his own monument by establishing a Fascist hierarchy to carry on the political faith he has founded, practically as a state creed.

Paralleling the action of the Turkish National Assembly in displacing Mohammedanism as an official religion, Mussolini's program is an impressive emphasis of the spirit of nationalism in modern life.

More Borax in Sight

IT does not seem very long ago that every one knew how borax was obtained; pictures of long sweating mule teams and a famous trade name lent romance to Death Valley, in California, whence the well-known product came. Tractors, gasoline powered, ugly and prosaic, replaced the plodding mules a decade or so ago. Borax is now scheduled for another change.

A compact deposit of borax mineral called "rasorite" has been found in the Mojave Desert, and this discovery is likely to transfer the whole borax mining operation to that single site, which is, fortunately, only four miles from the main line of the Santa Fé Railroad. The deposit lies in an area no larger than a city block, yet it is so compact and requires so little preparation for use that the American people may feel more free to use borax than ever before; there is a fifty years' supply of it, all of which was stumbled on by one man named Rasor.

It is interesting to note that this plenitude should soon be reflected in the availability of glass baking ware of the "non-breakable" kind which has become so familiar within recent years. The reason this glass so seldom cracks when placed in a hot oven or when removed from one is that it expands and contracts comparatively little with sudden changes of temperature; and the reason this kind of glass exhibits this quality is its high content of boric acid.

That D. A. R. Black List

WHILE various educators, publicists, and writers have been expressing amusement over their inclusion on the now famous "black list" of the D. A. R. the air has been filled with explanations and denials. Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, President-General of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, insists that the list is not really a black list. And Fred R. Marvin, Director of the Key Men of America, remarks that he had nothing to do with compiling it.

But there is, at the least, a community of spirit between Mr. Marvin and the D. A. R. Mrs. Brosseau refers to him, in fact, as "a man well known for his long and sturdy fight against radicalism." And one publication issued by Mr. Marvin reveals that the D. A. R. joined with the Key Men of America and other similarly patriotic organizations in a campaign for further restriction of immigration.

In her formal statement regarding the black list Mrs. Brosseau remarks that it "hardly needs discussion." Its purpose was merely to advise the various chapters regarding such speakers as they might, by chance, invite to address them. Again the philosophy is identical with that of Mr. Marvin. The Key Men of America, he has explained, do not establish black lists. The organization merely furnishes information regarding radical activities, at a nominal charge of $6 a year.

Mrs. Brosseau makes no secret, incidentally, of the fact that she is in sympathy with the Americanization work of the Key Men of America. On February 5 of this year she spoke under its auspices on "Shall We Keep America American?" The address was broadcast by radio during the "American Hour" developed by Mr. Marvin.

A Recipe for Campaigning in 1928

CANDIDATES who will be gathering momentum as the spring and summer temperatures mount possibly could profit by the campaign methods of Miss Celeste Tripp, age twenty-one, who has outdistanced men competitors and won the office of collector at Richmond Heights, suburb of St. Louis.

This young woman, a high school graduate with experience as deputy collector, did not go in for typical campaigning, with excessive promises and endless addresses. "We had parties and things like that," she says, adding that she knew most of the people, anyway, and that there were few speeches. "Mine," she said, "were short and snappy."

The thousands of aspirants for local, State, and National offices may become public servants, regardless of election results, by following the example.

"Lawless . . . With Filthy Hands"

THE suit and countersuit which have been going on before a United States Circuit Court at Pittsburgh, as between the Ku Klux Klan and five former members expelled from it, ended in a scathing denunciation by Judge W. H. S. Thomson of the Klan and all its works. The decision was followed by the statement from the attorney for the five banished Klansmen that proceedings were to be taken before the Attorney-General of the State to have the charter of the Ku Klux Klan revoked.

The quarrel within the Klan has ceased to be of any importance compared with the facts brought out as to the conduct of the Klan in the State.

Judge Thomson found that the Klan obtained its charter for alleged charitable and patriotic purposes, and under that guise acquired a membership in Pennsylvania of over 250,000 persons. Thereupon, he pointed out, in violation of the charter, it established a despotic rule, operated in secret, set up tribunals not known to the law, "tried" persons, and imposed punishment painful, humiliating, often brutal, and "in some instances destructive of life itself."

While some of the statements in the affidavit by Stephenson, of Indiana (now serving a term for murder), were thrown out by the Judge, as were also certain almost incredible statements by witnesses, such as that which charged that Dr. Evans, the Imperial Wizard of the Klan, was present when a white man was burned at the stake in Texas and that seven or eight white persons were burned to death at Terrell—which no one seems to believe—the Judge in his decision quoted as well established the half-hanging of a Negro in Beaver County under the direct order of the Grand Dragon of Pennsylvania, the kidnapping of a little girl three or four years of age, and the participation of the Grand Wizard in person in the Carnegie riots, where one man was shot and killed and many others were injured.

In view of this state of things, the Court, following the legal adage that "he who seeks justice must come into court with clean hands," declared that "this unlawful organization, so destructive of

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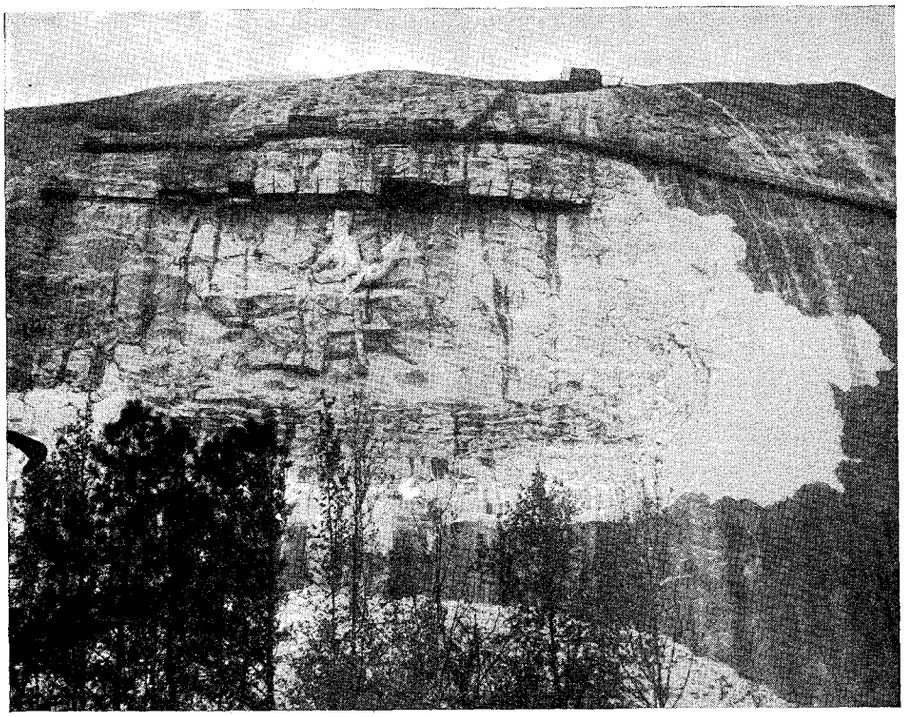

A NATION'S HERO

The figure of General Lee, first unit of the gigantic memorial on Stone Mountain to the leaders of the Southern Confederacy

the rights and liberties of the people, has come in vain asking this court of equity for injunctive or other relief. They come with filthy hands, and can get no assistance here."

Hockey Holds Over

IT is not often that a professional sport, intruding beyond its season as the owners squeeze the last possible admission price from the spectators, can grip the imagination of sport followers who are turning to other things. Particularly is this so when the sport in question is a winter sport and the spring arrives with all of its beckoning outdoors; but that has happened this year in the world's professional ice hockey championships decided at Montreal.

The New York Rangers, operating from Madison Square Garden, are the new champions, and they won their title from the Montreal Maroons only after a succession of dramatic events that, grouped in one play, would be turned down by any producer as being too far from the probable.

In the first place, they are a young, light team in this bruising game of hockey. First, they had to defeat the Boston Bruins, one of the heaviest and roughest of the teams. Then, after this, they journeyed to Montreal for a series of three out of five games for the championship.

They had to play all of their games in Montreal, for the owners of the Madison Square Garden, not being in the thing for the love of it, had rented the arena to the circus. Then, in the second game, the Ranger goal guard was struck in the eye, and the New York team, without a substitute for him, finished out that game with their gray-headed manager in the nets. The series went to five games, and at the start of the fifth the hastily recalled spare goal guard, Joe Miller, was struck in the eye and finished the game with one eye blackened and closed, the Rangers pulling through by a single score.

The victory comes only in title to New York, of course, for all of the professional players are Canadians.

This Dogma Dies Hard

THERE is one controversy among scientists which is a perennial, and new evidence has just been thrown into one side of the balance: Has the New World been inhabited by the human species as long as the Old World, or at least very long, or did man reach it only in recent times, after the last ice of the Ice Age disappeared?

For many decades the latter belief has ruled as by all odds the favorite, ten thousand years having been the maximum duration allowed for human occupancy—roughly, a hundredth the space of time for which there is similar evidence in Europe and Asia. From time to time the public has seen mention of fossil finds at Vero and Melbourne, Florida, for which high antiquity was claimed; and just as often denials have been made by scientists. The archæologist Dr. J. W. Gidley, of the Smithsonian Institution, after a winter's work at the Florida sites, has just announced his opinion that these human finds—a skull and artifacts—are actually contemporaneous with the Ice Age.

For many decades alleged evidences of ancient man have been popping up in America, yet with one exception—certain objects found near Trenton, New Jersey—their authenticity or high antiquity has been riddled. Perhaps it was this which gradually led to the formulation among older anthropologists of what amounted to a dogma—that all "evidences" of early man in the New World were null. More recently the question has been reopened, chiefly by a school of younger scientists who, if they are not yet wholly assured of early man in America, are determined not to close their minds on the issue until vastly more has been learned. This is a question which will doubtless vex anthropologists throughout the lifetime of most of those now living.

A G. O. P. Club Debates Prohibition

THE influence of the Bar Association of New York is discernible in the recent report of the Committee on National Affairs of the National Republican Club of New York which calls for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The lawyers, it will be recalled, set forth some weeks ago that the Prohibition Amendment violated the spirit of the other Amendments generally known as the Bill of Rights. It was their contention that the United States Supreme Court had erred in attesting the constitutionality of the Amendment.

The National Affairs Committee of the National Republican Club takes a somewhat similar position. The Eighteenth Amendment is held to violate the established theory of the American form of government. The rights of the States have been ignored. The Committee has called upon the membership of the Club to urge the National party to adopt at Kansas City a plank calling for repeal.

It is rather specious reasoning for the Committee to suggest, as did the members of the Bar Association, that in this form the question is not the old one of wet *versus* dry. The conflict is unavoidable, and it is apparent that the general meeting at which the question will be considered will be a spirited one. The

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battle-lines began to form as soon as the Committee report was made public. The Republicans are discovering, as the Democrats learned long ago, that prohibition is filled with complications.

The Anti-Saloon League, at least, considers the report antagonistic to prohibition itself. One dry official has called it "the purest folly, not to say the height of impudence." And the Committee on Public Affairs of the Union League Club has rushed into print with the statement that the tariff, not prohibition, is the really important issue of the coming Presidential campaign.

A Critic of Companionate Marriage

FULTON OURSLER, who is declared in the New York "Sun" to have originally urged Ben Lindsey to write his book "The Revolt of Modern Youth," has taken strong exception to Judge Lindsey's plan of Companionate Marriage. Against that he brings six objections:

"First of all," he says, "a couple start off with the belief that they are going to fail. Their faith in themselves and their belief that their love will last is destroyed at the very beginning."

In the second place, he regards legalized birth control as "a snare and a delusion."

"In the third place," he says, "no marriage is complete until a child is born, and therefore Companionate Marriage with its compact against childbirth is no marriage at all."

In the fourth and fifth places, he says, there is no problem when both parties want a divorce, and that when only one party wants it Companionate Marriage doesn't solve the problem.

"And, finally," he concludes, "Companionate Marriage encourages insincerity of purpose and gives to youth nothing in return for its loss of idealism except the psychology of the seducer and an appetite for promiscuity. Lindsey says he is against promiscuity, and I am sure he means it, but Companionate Marriage encourages it."

What Children Know

A PROFESSOR at the University of Chicago, W. H. Burton, has found out what 9,000 sixth-grade children know most about; and his findings should furnish plenty of material for sermons and newspaper symposiums. The children were selected from upper and middle class homes, from colored, Russian Jewish, Italian, and Polish families.

"The six things they all knew the most about," the professor told his audience at a convention of educators in Spokane, "in their order of knowledge, were: bootlegging, divorce, alimony, sheriff, juvenile court, jail, and jury.

"Now you say," he hastened to explain, "that, of course, they would in Chicago, but the same examination was given to the children of Salem, Oregon, schools, capital of the State, where 63 per cent of the people own their own homes. The result was exactly the same."

Next in order, Professor Burton said, the children knew most about "mayor, election, polling-place, ballot, taxes, and insurance." In a third category came "bank, deposit, rent, bankrupt, pioneer, and sanitary inspection."

"We found that the Russian Jewish children in the poor districts knew all about a savings bank, but had never heard of a charge account or the installment plan. But the children from the middle-class homes knew nothing about savings banks, but were well informed on charge accounts and the installment plan."

Finally, "we found that, while 98 per cent knew all about bootlegging, 40 per cent had never heard of prohibition."

Stalky in Person

KIPLING'S Stalky has written a book of reminiscences. It has never been a secret that several of the characters in "Stalky & Co.," both among the pupils and instructors in the United Service College (really Cheltenham College), in which the action is laid, were very real; indeed, you couldn't even look at the picture of Beetles without recognizing the boyish Rudyard; and, unless we are mistaken, Stalky in his military life in the East figures in one or more of Kipling's short stories.

Major-General Lionel Charles Dunsterville did valuable work in Persia and wrote a book about it called "The Adventures of Dunsterville." Like the Stalky of the book, he comes of a family distinguished for military service.

In his "Stalky's Reminiscences" General Dunsterville shows that Kipling had ample material in the pranks and adventures of the Stalky gang. The General dryly comments, "Looking back on my school days, I am filled with an intense sympathy for schoolmasters." His description of the youthful Kipling is vivid: "Kipling must have been a difficult youth. The ordinary boy, however truculent, generally quails before the malevolent glance of a notably fierce master. But I remember Kipling on such occasions merely removing his glasses, polishing them carefully, replacing them on his nose, and gazing in placid bewilderment at the thundering tyrant, with a look that suggested, 'There, there. Don't give way to your little foolish tantrums. Go out and get a little fresh air, and you'll come back feeling quite another man.'"

The Love of Adventure

How many of the score of romances written by Stanley Weyman, who died the other day, does one recall? Three recur at once—"The Gentleman of France," "The House of the Wolf," and "Under the Red Robe." These, we fancy, are still read; the last-named was staged as an operetta not long ago. One or two others were best-sellers in their days; the rest were not essentially different, but the style in romance writing has changed.

Not that the demand for romance and adventure has ceased. It never will cease. But always new writers bring new methods of telling to us the never-ceasing tale of the clash of swords and the thrill of danger, escape, and rescue. As Scott, Cooper, and Dumas preceded Weyman, so Anthony Hope and Sabatini have followed him. Always there have been problem novels (if you doubt it, read George Eliot); always there have been character novels (Fielding, Thackeray, and the rest); always there have been studies of love and sex and sin. But one class does not destroy the others. And it is a healthy sign that human nature still likes at times to shut its eyes to questions of probability and enjoy out and out the thwarting of villains and the deeds of courage and devotion. Stanley Weyman did much to furnish that pleasure in an acceptable literary form.

Still is it true that, however we may love the fiction of psychology, we are not ashamed at times to turn to the tale proper, defined by Sir Philip Sydney as "that which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner."

Moby Dick in Danger

WELL for American literature that Herman Melville lived and wrote in the nineteenth century. The whale is being hunted as never before; so relentlessly and so efficiently that Lewis Radcliffe, Deputy Commissioner of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, prophesies the extermination of some species.

Whale-oil lamps rest idly on the mantels of collectors, but the demand for whale oil grows among manufacturers of soaps and cosmetics; it is used also as a lard substitute, for candles, and in the

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EASTER IN HOLLYWOOD

The Easter Dawn services in the Hollywood Bowl, California. The cross on the hill is formed by children, and that in the center is a field of Easter lilies

making of glycerin. So, though the ships no longer sail out of New Bedford, Nantucket, and Edgartown, the chase goes on. The Yankee has given way to the Norwegian, and the center of the industry shifts from the North Atlantic to the Antarctic and the Falkland Islands.

The kill has increased from 11,400 in 1921 to 25,400 in 1927, and the production of oil has reached the impressive figure of 61,000,000 gallons. When whaling was the glory of New Bedford, the American output in 1854 was only a little more than 12,000,000 gallons, and that represented more than seventy-five per cent of the world's production.

"At no stage in the history of the whale fisheries," said Mr. Radcliffe, "have whales been so harassed in so many parts of the globe. Such improvements as the whale gun, the huge floating factories with their convoys of chasers, have greatly increased the efficiency of operations. That the whale supply will long stand up under losses of 18,000 whales or more killed a year, seems extremely doubtful."

One Norwegian company reported a gross income of $2,940,300 in 1926. Whaling captains have received as much as $40,000 for a season of nine months. One was offered $35,000 a season by a rival of his employers.

Even the immortal Moby Dick seems a little less than immortal in the face of such facts and figures.

Will City and Country Be One?

Good roads and the motor car have been doing valuable work in erasing the line between city and country. Other forces have not been without their influence. The radio, the telephone, the consolidated school, the circulating and the small-town library, and other agencies are carrying to farms the latest in ideas as well as conveniences.

Consider the showing in some phases of this modernizing, transforming process of a typical Middle Western State. Facts gathered from every community, large and small, in Missouri reveal that 98 per cent of the population in that State now has telephone service. Nearly 800 communities have electric lights, no one with a population of more than 700 being without that facility. The Missouri Committee on Public Utility Information, which supplies these facts, adds that in every town of 2,000 or more population there is a water system, while electric railways, gas, and other conveniences are widely distributed.

A similar condition throughout the country was indicated in a survey of representative areas by the General Federation of Women's Clubs. But it was found that the aids to recreation and business outside the home were more common than labor-saving devices, such as electric washers, sewing-machines, and vacuum-cleaners; for relief from drudgery in the home. Therefore the request from the Federation that the next Census in 1930 gather information about the latter, to the end that the force of public opinion, combined with enterprising manufacturers and their distributers, might change the condition.

Of interest in the whole matter is the view of some students of sociology and other observers that farming in the future will be done by families living in the city, who will go back and forth to their work in the country.

A Plaything No Longer

Measuring distances as minute as, say, one-250,000,000th of an inch is one of the almost incredible conquests of nature which has quite recently been perfected by scientists and actually set to work for manufacturers and engineers.

It is now remarkably easy by a refined X-ray technique actually to measure the inconceivably small intervals between the atoms of a piece of matter, even though no one has ever seen an atom or ever will see one, and even though we have as yet only theories concerning what an atom would look like if it were enlarged enough to be made visible under the microscope; enough to know in this case, as we do know, that it is there. X-rays are waves, like light, but far shorter—comparable, in fact, with the spacings of atoms. By shooting X-rays at various metals and observing the effect on the X-rays the technician easily determines the spacings between the atoms.

One of the unexpected by-products of this technique has been the discovery that nearly all kinds of common matter are really crystalline. Another and far more practical by-product has been the light thrown on the performances of metals, as a result of which metallurgy is rapidly changing from an empirical art to a systematized science. We now know, for example, why copper is more ductile than iron and why alloys exhibit certain desirable and undesirable properties, and this knowledge is already helping us to make better metals and alloys. We are able actually to "feel" with X-rays the rearrangement of atoms produced in the metals when they are worked.

All this will have as an end-product the provisions of better, more dependable metals for railroads, bridges, and so on. And this discovery was once looked upon as a scientific plaything.

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From Washington

"The Defendant Who Sits Here"

WHEREVER a door swings between two worlds, one man is as another man—at the door of birth, at the door of death, and no whit less so at the door between our free world and the world within walls. Every defendant in a criminal trial is as every other defendant in such a trial. Every criminal trial, indeed, is as all criminal trials. The door may not swing open; the defendant may, when he is no longer defendant, go his divergent way in his old varying world, but for that little while when he is defendant he is that and nothing more. All lawyers, indeed, who strain to push open the door between the worlds or to hold it closed—all these are alike, and all criminal courts are one.

There sat Harry F. Sinclair, some multiple or other of the millionaire, the bringer-in of gushers and of horses that clip seconds from track records, charged with conspiracy to defraud his Government in a contract from which he expected to make a hundred million dollars. In the witness chair sat Frank Mondell, until late a power in the Congress of the United States, presiding officer at the Convention which nominated Calvin Coolidge for President. A patch of bald pate, the back of a black head growing gray; a hand reaching upward, trembling a little in its tenseness. Atlee Pomerene was handing up a paper to the Judge—Pomerene of Ohio, brilliant as a Senator, big enough to be once and possibly to be again regarded as a contender for the Presidency. A massive gray head shook in vehemence; the compelling voice which placed Parker in nomination at St. Louis was raised in protest. Martin W. Littleton was objecting to the paper which Pomerene handed up.

But no visitor coming casually in could have known. Sinclair might have been the small-town plunger charged with setting up a game of chance, Mondell the arresting constable, Pomerene and Littleton the legal lights of Lebanon or Lockport.

Judge Bailey sent the jury away to be locked up, as all juries are when there is suspicion that a fixer may lurk around the corner. The defendant sat there—the defendant—while counsel made again the arguments as to relevancy with which every court-room in America has resounded scores of times. The Court, as all courts do, took the question under advisement over the luncheon hour, and the defendant stood conspicuously inside the rail—the defendant. And yet they say, some persons do, that rich men are not made to suffer in American courts.

The door may not swing. The straining hands may hold it shut. But every defendant, none the less, stands at the door between the worlds.

In one slight way this trial does differ from most. Justice Bailey took out of the hands of opposing lawyers the business of examining prospective jurors. He did that work himself—and saved days of time. The Government, having its case better in hand than at the first trial (which became a mistrial), ran its witnesses through the mill with greater speed. The time has not come for reviewing what those witnesses said.

Wanted—Not Relief, but an Issue

THE McNary-Haugen Bill, equalization fee and all, passed the Senate with only 23 votes against it. The vote was 53 to 23. In the last Congress it was 47 to 39. As before, party lines were completely broken.

The bill's advocates see in the recent vote enough strength to pass it, so far as the Senate is concerned, over the President's veto, which is now generally regarded as certain.

Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, charged on the floor shortly before the bill was passed that it was being made a political football of for the sake of creating an issue for Dawes. The purpose may or may not be just that, but there is little doubt that certain men in both houses—professed friends of farm relief—have been doing all they could to insure a veto. Some of these undoubtedly regard a vetoed farm relief bill as a better issue than a signed farm relief bill.

It should be noted that the Senate increased the equalization fund from the $250,000,000 of the House bill to $400,000,000.

Lowden Emerges

THE Illinois earthquake shook Washington and the East generally into a realization of the fact that Frank O. Lowden is a genuine and formidable contender for the Republican nomination for President. He had, before that event, the greater bulk of the delegates that had been selected and instructed, but his successes had made little impression east of the Appalachians. But the Illinois block of sixty-one delegates is large enough to compel notice, and Lowden came close to making, if indeed he did not make, a clean sweep of them. The Thompson - Small - Crowe organization was able to get fourteen "Draft Coolidge" delegates in Chicago districts which are mainly Democratic. But some of these, notably William Wrigley, Jr., have already shown signs of going to Lowden. There are, indeed, indications that Lowden will ultimately get the entire delegation. That, however, is a great deal for any man to expect. No Illinois delegation has gone undivided into a Republican National Convention since that of 1860.

Before the Illinois primaries were held—but just before—Washington political observers were beginning to see Lowden's candidacy in a new light. They had come to realize that the former Governor was not simply a stalking-horse for the present Vice-President, that Dawes was genuinely for Lowden's nomination and would exert his full strength to that end. He is now slated for chairman of the Illinois delegation and generalissimo of the Lowden forces at the Convention.

This does not mean that Vice-President Dawes is out of consideration for the nomination. If Lowden comes near to the nomination but cannot quite reach it, and if Dawes can muster any additional strength, he stands to get Lowden's. These two are long-time experts at the double pass. Three times, at least, Lowden has passed the ball to Dawes. If they need the old play to score one more touchdown before the game is over, those who know the quality of their friendship do not doubt that they will use it.

The effect upon Hoover of Lowden's rise is not yet apparent. Mr. Hoover was not a contender in the Illinois primary, though he might have hoped to be the beneficiary of the "draft Coolidge" sentiment had it prevailed. It is said here by men familiar with the Illinois situation that the only man who did anything directly in Mr. Hoover's interest was George Brennan, Democratic National Committeeman.

Brennan's reputed interest in Hoover is, of course, contributary to his interest in Governor Smith, who scored a complete triumph in the Illinois Democratic primary. Thus far, Governor Smith has appeared to be equally strong in both Lowden and Hoover strongholds.

Rebuke and Vindication

FOR another reason the Illinois Republican primary was particularly interesting to Washington. The United States Senate is a local institution here—as popular and as unpopular as local institutions usually are—and Colonel Frank L. Smith was asking the Republicans of

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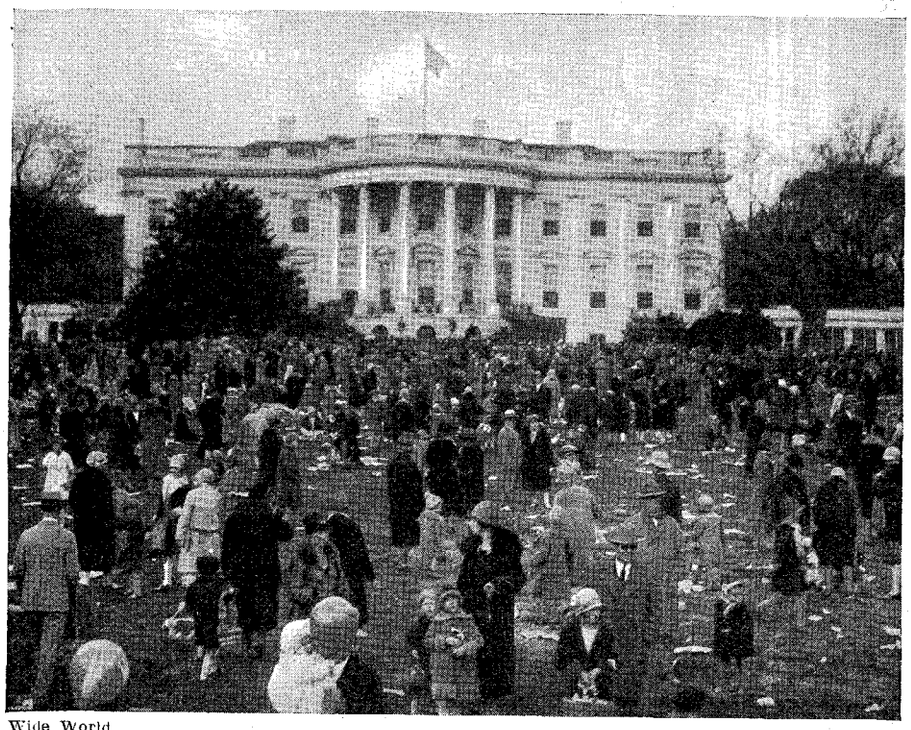

Wide World

THE PRESIDENT'S PARTY

The annual Easter egg-rolling on the White House lawn, in which thousands of children took part

Illinois to rebuke the United States Senate.

This particular Smith, it may be remembered, was, at least presumptively, United States Senator-elect from Illinois. He came to Washington with credentials from Governor Small. The Senate refused to admit him, holding that his seeming election was secured through corruption and fraud. Smith, who at the time of his candidacy was a Public Utilities Commissioner in Chicago, received very large contributions from Samuel Insull, the utilities magnate.

After he was turned back from the door of the Senate, Smith returned to Illinois, resigned as Senator, announced his candidacy for re-election, asked the people of the State to vindicate him and rebuke the Senate. By a majority of 150,000, the Republicans of Illinois rebuked Smith. Whether they, at the same time and by the same majority, vindicated the Senate may be another question. But the Senate will so construe their action. The precedent established in the Smith case may now be regarded as fixed.

Mrs. Willebrandt on Hoover

LOWDEN has ignored Senator Borah's wet-and-dry questionnaire. Hoover answered it in a manner not generally regarded as satisfactory to either side. Now comes Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant to the Attorney-General in charge of prohibition enforcement, and says: "I am for Herbert Hoover because, in my opinion, he is the answer to those who said prohibition cannot be enforced."

Both the anti-Hoover Republicans and the Democrats have pounced upon this statement. The Democrats would have it appear that Mrs. Willebrandt meant to intimate that the present Administration has not done all that it could have done to enforce prohibition. The anti-Hoover Republicans are not quite clear as to what they would have appear, but they think there is something in Mrs. Willebrandt's statement which should help their case.

Thus far, nobody in the Hoover camp has found it necessary to say that Mrs. Willebrandt does or does not speak for Mr. Hoover.

Enforcement for Effect?

ALMOST coincidentally with Mrs. Willebrandt's announcement for Hoover, there came an announcement from Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman and Prohibition Commissioner Doran that the padlock injunction procedure will henceforth be used to the fullest possible extent in all parts of the country. This announcement followed the decision of the Supreme Court that the padlocking procedure is Constitutional.

Until that decision was announced, Lowman and Doran say, there was a disposition on the part of some Federal judges and other officials concerned in enforcement to question the validity of padlock injunctions.

If a new and vigorous enforcement drive is to be made at the beginning of a Presidential campaign by a Republican Administration, the prohibition question may become, more clearly than it has yet been, an issue between the parties.

Congress May Deputize the President

THE flexible feature of the Tariff Law, too, is Constitutional. The Supreme Court has made that decision—without a dissenting opinion, as was not the case in the padlocking decision.

J. Hampton, Jr., & Co. contended that the flexible provision of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Law was an unconstitutional relegation of the tariff-making power of Congress. Chief Justice Taft wrote the opinion in which the Supreme Court held that Congress may delegate its taxing powers, just as it delegated its rate-making powers to the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

The flexible clause of the Fordney-McCumber Law has been more used relatively than has the padlocking clause of the Volstead Law. President Coolidge has raised seventeen rates and lowered four.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

CONFLICT is inevitable in international affairs, obviously, since interests cannot be identical. The great question concerns—as it always has—the form conflict shall take. Shall we fight out differences or talk them out?

In an era of commerce on world-wide lines, banking and business considerations add a great pressure to humanitarian arguments. Together, the practical and idealistic influences are forcing a progress that would have been considered impossible a few decades ago in the direction of replacing combat by debate.

Secretary Kellogg's plan for an agreement by all the Powers to renounce war is, at the moment, the most striking evi-

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dence of this tendency. Following his discussions with Foreign Minister Briand, of France, that proposal has gone to Great Britain, Germany, Italy, and Japan. Their agreement in principle is to be expected, although there are certain to be many reservations and adjustments of points of view to be discussed. But beyond this most sweeping program, it is a period when conciliation treaties are the diplomatic fashion.

Mussolini has just ordered the signature of a new general arbitration agreement between Italy and the United States, to replace the expiring Root treaty. In southeastern Europe, Greece has recently concluded a treaty of amity with Rumania, the first between any two Balkan countries since the World War. And she is attempting to reach a similar understanding with Bulgaria—a more difficult enterprise in view of their border rivalries. At the same time, Turkey is said to be seeking to make compacts against aggression with both Greece and Italy. So the contemporary spirit is making itself felt in what has been the most disturbed area of the Old World.

Perhaps another reason than economic concerns is to be found in the study of the World War just published by the League of Nations, showing that it cost —including combatants and civilians— sixteen million lives.

How the maligned "money power" is operating for a new kind of integration in the world is apparent in the announcement of the Finance Company of Great Britain and America. This corporation, just formed, is to be composed of some of the most important leaders of banking and industry in both countries, with a capital of over $10,000,000. It will associate British and American resources in the development of enterprises anywhere throughout the world.

In America we have never taken "the movies" very seriously, despite the size and scope of the motion-picture industry. But in Europe American films are in for a fight. The producers of European films take our films very seriously. And they are set to storm the Hollywood line.

As a first step, one of the most important French producers has just signed an agreement with British and German film interests for close co-operation, including exchange of pictures and other arrangements of mutual advantage, to "break the stranglehold of Hollywood." The present limited production facilities in Europe make the immediate threat not very disturbing, but the combination holds considerable possibilities for the future. We may be at the beginning of a struggle to a fade-out between flickering cohorts headed by Emil Jannings and Douglas Fairbanks.

Will Hays, representing the motion-picture producers of the United States, has been in Paris attempting to come to an understanding for modification of the new French restrictions against American films. The French Film Commission has postponed application of the quota scheme which the Government has authorized to limit American picture importations. But it has adopted a program providing that for each French film purchased for the United States four American films may be admitted to France. The intention, clearly, is to force an American market for French pictures by limiting the French market for American pictures. That is a prospect that American producers do not like to contemplate—and that American audiences might like still less. So the big American companies are refusing to distribute or sell any films in France, on the ground that they will not be coerced into buying French films for the privilege of doing business. When the French theatres begin to run short of American pictures, the test of strength will begin.

Incidentally, Mr. Hays has said in a solemn interview that not a single film should leave the United States which might wound the feelings of another people abroad. But that will be far from soothing to European producers. The less irritating American pictures are to foreign spectators, the less the foreign producers like it. The real cause of the trouble now is exactly the popularity of American pictures.

The problem of European producers is to make Americans flock to their pictures as Europeans crowd to see the loathed productions of Hollywood. A forced admission of European films would not compel American audiences to pay admission to see them. The picture's the thing.

Rainbow gold and Soviet concessions must have something in common. The latest large-scale American plan for industrial development in Russia to suffer disappointment—at least temporarily—is the much-discussed Farquhar group project for the construction of huge steel works at Makayeva, in the Don region. The Soviet Commission has rejected the proposals for this work under a contract signed last year, involving $40,000,000 credit for six years. Apparently, the hitch was due to unwillingness of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin, through which the financing of the scheme was to be arranged, to provide the guaranties required by the New York bankers who were to supply the funds.

Communism—or agitation for Communism—is worrying Japan. The alarm appears to be a little exaggerated, for out of more than a thousand men arrested in a recent round-up of suspected radicals, only twenty-six have been held for trial.

The Government's investigations have resulted in an order to dissolve the Ronoto Party, the League of Proletarian Youth, and the Japan Labor Council as Communistic organizations. The Ronoto Party, which won two Parliamentary seats in the recent general elections, has retorted in a manifesto repudiating Communism and charging the Government with attacking the labor movement under cover of forestalling revolution.

The anxiety of Japanese officialdom appears to have had its rise in the activity of the Ronoto Party, the "left-wing" group of the labor movement, in the election campaign. In the field there were forty Ronoto candidates—as many as all the other labor groups had—although the party was known to be poor. Then contributions were traced to Communist agencies in Berlin and Moscow.

The international activities of the Communist movement heading up in the Soviet capital are sufficiently well known. So the policy of the Tokyo Government has a certain realistic basis, even if the danger does not seem very menacing.

No one would strike quicker than the Soviet Commissars at a political organization financed from abroad.

Shanghai has been admittedly an international "white men's port" in the Far East. Significant of the new influence of Chinese Nationalism is the election of three Chinese to the Shanghai Municipal Council and of six other Chinese to its advisory committees. For the first time, the Council becomes a mixed body—the other members being five Britons, two Japanese, and two Americans. As a step forward in relations between Chinese and foreigners, this development of co-operative association in the Shanghai city government is of importance for the future. It points the way out of many of the difficulties over rights that China has granted in the past to aliens within her borders.

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Chicago Laughs and Big Bill Loses

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

THOSE who have come to think of Chicago as the last frontier of something or other—the British Empire, the Sicilian Mafia, or even honest-to-goodness Americanism—must have been slightly disappointed in the primaries of that turbulent city, ballyhooed for months in advance as authentically Homeric. It was not so much that violence simmered down to a single murder; Chicago's real flop as a producer of passional political melodrama lies, I suspect, in the fact that she did not go on being the defiantly wayward sister of American municipal extravaganza. To be as hard-boiled as she is supposed to be, Chicago should, after openly throwing herself into the arms of the Thompson-Crowe-Small machine once more, have announced with a string of blistering criminal slang and epithets that, if the rest of the United States didn't like it, the inhabitants could go sell themselves back to King George. Now in turning on political wassail and corruption just at the moment when she was supposed, in popular legend, to have taken them on for life Chicago behaved very much like the flapper who after a few swigs from the hip flask and a few Rabelaisian wisecracks suddenly insists that it is time for her to get home to bed so as to be abroad bright and early next morning for her Sunday-school class. This may be very admirable of her, and show she has a clean, wholesome character beneath this veneer of conventional modern devilishness. But to those accustomed to look for their best emotional shocks to wild young women and big cities it is neither so breath-taking nor so interesting as it might be. Especially if one happened to be a spectator in the city on the great day of blood and promised mayhem, one may be inclined to think that Chicago owed him a little more hell for his money.

To be sure, Chicago's lone primary murder was done in the local grand manner—automatics and machine guns blazing out from a speeding motor's running-board at a luckless Negro ex-service man serving as a Deneen worker in a strong Thompson precinct. But one murder in a city of three million and several hundred square miles of territory can hardly be considered a public spectacle for the visitor earnestly expecting to see a revival of Renaissance assassinations. And beyond it nothing much happened. An anti-Thompson worker was shot in the arm, more or less tenderly, and half a dozen men threatened one polling-booth with sawed-off shotguns—only to be dispersed by a little diplomatic parleying. There were a few sincere but chivalrously conducted slugging matches, four or five dreadful outcries that certain precincts had not given a single vote for the anti-Thompson slate, and a few thousand complaints that anti-Thompson poll-watchers were being hampered in their work by dirty looks and cross words from Thompson election officials.

On the whole, though, on a bigger numerical scale, it was very much the same sort of an election that I remember in the small Indiana city of my boyhood. It was no more corrupt, contentious, and murderous than elections in certain backwoods New Mexico counties today, when the boss is subtly in doubt as to which State ticket he can double-cross most profitably. The disappointed stroller about Chicago on April 10 saw, in fact, not so much gun butts and armored male lingerie as poll workers chatting with pretty girls just as they do when they are electing a Democratic Congressman in Virginia.

IT would be unfair, however, to suggest that this mildness came to the fore because Chicago's political gangsters are more like Charles Lamb than they have been represented. The real factors, I suspect, which produced a primary no more sanguinary than a Hollywood party were the technical position of the gangsters in the voting and the temper of the majority which beat them. That position was quite evidently hopeless almost from the first hour of the voting, and the temper of the victors—perhaps a sign of returning sanity in American emotional life—was not cantankerously crusading, but cheerful and amused.

Concerning the Thompson-Crowe professionals, for instance, Mr. George Olvany and his lieutenants would doubtless be justified in informing them condescendingly that they had a good deal to learn about politics. They did not know enough on Tuesday morning to realize that, in the present state of "Big Bill the Builder's" disfavor, his candidates had little more than the certain organization strength to rely on, and that if the vote promised to go much above 550,000, out of a registration of approximately twice that much, the Crowe-Thompson slate was licked. From the first rush in the morning it was evident that the vote would go close to 700,000, with possibilities of its touching some fabulous high-water mark even above 800,000.

It was obvious then that public sentiment was dealing a cold deck to the "America first" statesmen, and equally obvious that nothing could be done about it. For, while the Thompson-Crowe machine has resources which it has demonstrated, not all of its members, naturally, are accomplished thugs and ballot thieves. The organization, for all its famed morale and recklessness, simply was not up to the task of falsifying, terrorizing, or even assassinating a majority of from 150,000 to 300,000 votes. It may have been organized to take care of a little private vengeance every day or so, but it was not ready for war on the scale of the campaign about Verdun. The only thing, then, for the machine strong-arm workers to do was to lie down gracefully and let the steam-roller pass over them, meanwhile remembering that a low average of homicide and homicidal assaults for the day might be a personal convenience when the new State's Attorney took office. Hence they lay down instead of shooting, and Chicago's reputation as the Calamity Jane of American cities is sullied.

If the contest had been nip and tuck, Chicago might have done more to live up to her dark and bloody ward fame. In fact, the precincts where violence was most nearly up to standard were those where the fight seemed to be uncertain longest or where, due to the immense emotional loyalties inspired by the Thompson-Crowe ballyhoo, the early evidences of the Deneen successes were received with the vague and bloodshot eyes of uncomprehending hero worshipers. But mostly it seems, from the gangster's point of view, to have been a case of no chance, no bullets.

Moreover, from the very first the life-saving apathy of this "What's the use?"

(*Please turn to continuation, page 680*)

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Democracy and the Demagogue

THERE are limits beyond which a demagogue cannot go except to his own undoing. Fortunately for democracy, the more complete the demagogue, the more likely he is to overstep those limits. In this fact democracy finds some measure of safety.

William Hale Thompson, Mayor of Chicago, has thus acted the part of the almost perfect demagogue. Like the pathogenic germ which stimulates the blood stream to create antibodies, he went to such lengths that he aroused in the citizenry of the city a public sentiment that has at least arrested the progress of the demagogic ailment. It is thus that democracy may hope to acquire immunity.

It is this process of self-immunization which English observers of American democracy from Lecky and Bryce to Claud Mullins in the current "Atlantic Monthly" seem to take too little account of. They have diagnosed the disease of demagogy well. The same disease they find wherever democracy has developed—not only in America, but also in England. It assumes several forms. Lecky saw it using the power of the unpropertied masses to suck its sustenance from the propertied few. And Mullins notes that that is what it does in England, where receivers of the dole have sufficient political power to insure the continuance of the dole. Politicians of the demagogic type make use of this power to keep themselves in office. In Chicago demagogy has taken another form. It has played upon prejudices. It has put ignorance into power that it might not be hampered by intelligence. But just because the demagogue is less limited in Chicago than he is in England by tradition and the sense of public obligation that is an inheritance from the landed aristocracy, "Big Bill" could go to extremes. His cultivation of the lawless elements naturally led to bombs and machine guns. And his erection of a stuffed image of King George as a political opponent led to ridicule. Chicago became both a reproach and a laughingstock, and then the people rose and smote the demagogue.

Dictatorship may bring a Mussolini and democracy may bring a Big Bill Thompson. But if there is oppression under Mussolini, dictatorship has in itself no cure. If, on the other hand, there is disorder and clownishness under Big Bill, the cure is in democracy itself.

But the cure is not necessarily permanent. Big Bill was once voted down and out, and he came back. What the voters of Chicago have got in Big Bill's place is not yet clear. Indeed, Big Bill himself remains in office. The immunity will wear off. Anti-bodies are of no service in a corpse. If citizenship is to save democracy, it must stay alive.

Why the United States Is Not in the World Court

THE World Court was recently the subject of debate in the United States Senate. The occasion for this was a stream of letters urging Senators to support the Gillett resolution suggesting to the President further negotiations concerning our adhesion to the World Court. These letters were prompted by the American Foundation (Inc.) Maintaining the American Peace Award.

Many, perhaps most, Americans have doubtless forgotten that the United States has already agreed to join the World Court—on conditions. To but one of these conditions have any other countries objected; but to that one twenty-three nations have sent unfavorable responses. This condition is known as Reservation No. 5, which reads:

> That the Court shall not render any advisory opinion except publicly after due notice to all states adhering to the Court and to all interested states and after public hearing or opportunity for hearing given to any state concerned; nor shall it, without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest.

It is the word "claims" in that reservation that is the stumbling-block. The reason why it is there is this: Advisory opinions do not settle specific cases. They are purely for the guidance of the League of Nations. As the League is a political body to which the United States does not belong, the United States does not wish to give its sanction to an opinion on a matter in which it claims an interest without its own consent. The objecting nations feel, however, that by accepting this reservation they would assent to the putting of the United States in a position of special privilege.

That is one obstacle to our entrance into the Court. But there is another one which has been largely forgotten because it does not seem to be an obstacle at all. This is the resolution adopted by the Senate as follows:

> *Resolved further,* As a part of this act of ratification that the United States approve the Protocol and statute hereinabove mentioned, with the understanding that recourse to the Permanent Court of International Justice for the settlement of differences between the United States and any other state or states can be had only by agreement thereto through general or special treaties concluded between the parties in dispute.

At present the United States can submit or respond to a suit before the World Court by a simple action of the President. The United States does not need to be a member of the Court to do that. But if we entered the Court on the conditions stated in this resolution we could not submit a case to the Court or become a party to a case submitted by another nation without first getting a two-thirds vote in the Senate. That would put us further away from the practical use of the Court than we are at present.

There is a third obstacle, however, which is more serious than either the reservation or the resolution. It is the indifference of the American people. If the United States were weak and in danger of oppression from the strong, the Ameri-

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can people would be glad to avail themselves of this great instrument of justice. But the United States is strong; and we do not think we need to apply to the Court to secure justice, and we think that we are not in danger of doing injustice to others. It is this psychological obstacle, created by our own sense of strength, that is what is really keeping us out of the World Court and is likely to keep us from using it. Until we realize that courts are for the strong as well as for the weak and that peace can be established firmly only when all nations, both the weak and the strong, recognize the supremacy of the law even over sovereign states, we shall find it easy to avoid action that will commit us to the duty of submitting justiciable disputes to impartial judges. But when we once get rid of that psychological obstacle we shall not find it hard to do away with such obstacles as now appear in the conditions imposed by the Senate.

Prohibition by Sections

FOR the first time we have been able to analyze the returns from our prohibition questionnaire according to the sections of the country from which they come. For this purpose we have divided the States into six groups.

Three test questions from the poll were analyzed for all these groups. These questions were: "Were you in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment at the time of its passage?" "Are you in favor of it today?" and "What is the attitude of your community towards bootlegging?" The returns from every one of the groups show a swing away from the support of the Eighteenth Amendment. Although in some cases the change is not great, there is no instance in which the change is favorable to the Amendment. Outlook readers are still heavily in favor of the Amendment, but perhaps the change in their feeling can best be shown by showing the shift in the percentage of those who were originally opposed to the Amendment and those who are now opposed to the Amendment.

	Percentage Opposed at Time of Amendment	Percentage Now Opposed to Amendment
New England States	22.5	28.5
Middle Atlantic States	25.2	29.3
North Central States	15.3	21.0
Southern States	18.2	20.9
Central States	13.6	20.1
Far Western States	19.7	25.8

These figures give a fair survey of the attitude of Outlook subscribers of all ages. The attitude of the communities in which they dwell may be gathered from our subscribers' report in reply to the question, "What is the attitude of your community towards bootlegging?" According to our questionnaire, the answers to this question were to be checked as indifferent, opposed, or approving. We will let these figures speak for themselves:

	Indifferent	Opposed	Apppoving
New England States	26.3	56.0	7.5
Middle Atlantic States	29.9	51.4	9.6
North Central States	19.8	66.5	7.9
Southern States	32.0	52.8	5.7
Central States	24.1	65.5	2.8
Far Western States	26.0	57.7	7.4

"Dawn"

THE debate in England over "Dawn," the motion picture which presents the life, trial, and execution of Edith Cavell, has been renewed in America. In both countries such powers of censorship as exist have agreed to the presentation, but with excisions of incidents the historic authenticity of which is denied and which are therefore thought likely to engender controversy and ill feeling.

The discussion inevitably brings up basic questions as to both the moral and æsthetic value of censorship of art and literature. So far, governmental censors have not appeared who have the fine critical sense needed for the task. There are courts and laws to which appeal may be made by those who claim that public decency is affronted or public morals corrupted. Freedom in artistic expression should not casually be denied by an official censordom which is almost sure to be clumsy and inept. After all, public taste and the general approval of what is sound and rejection of what is injurious are in the long run the best censorship.

"Dawn" was held back in England, not by an official censor, but by Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Foreign Secretary, and after remonstrances from German authorities. Sir Austen declared that the scene which showed a German soldier refusing to take part in the shooting of Nurse Cavell, her fainting when she saw the soldier shot, and her death by a revolver shot from the officer of the firing party was "an outrage on a noble woman's memory." Others think this comment pointless, but assert that the incident is purely apocryphal. Generally, Sir Austen objected to this scene because it could only "provoke controversy over the grave of a woman who has become one of the world's heroines."

In a letter to a London newspaper Lord Birkenhead, a member of the Ministry, declared that the question was not one of censorship but whether it is "in the interests of peace and international good will that we should perpetuate by public exhibition those incidents of the war which most embitter its memories." He resented eloquently the suggestion that "the existence in London of a statue to the heroic and incomparable woman whom it commemorates forever is inconsistent with these views." He quoted Edith Cavell's words: "Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness for any one."

It is stated in the press that protests against the showing of "Dawn" in this country have been made to the United States Department of State. The New York State Department of Education, which has rather indefinite supervision of films shown in the State, has approved the production with slight changes.

This is not the first time that war film dramas have hurt sensitive feelings. To Americans the French protest against "The Big Parade" seemed simply absurd—never was there a case where more clearly no offense was intended.

Let "Dawn" be shown! If it is venomous, false, or injurious, reprobation will stamp it as that. If it is an honest drama that does justice to a noble woman who died for her country, it will be received with honor. In a self-governing country, the people must, in the last analysis, be their own censors.

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What Do You Think It Is?

By BEN B. LINDSEY

Whatever the effect of Companionate Marriage on the present institution, the expression has become a part of our language and seems likely to have a place in new editions of a well-known dictionary. In the meantime Judge Lindsey is busy trying to show that it is not "trial marriage" nor "free love" nor any of the many things his critics have called it; in fact, his lecture experiences have about convinced him that his own definition of his own program is the only one that is not widely known.

A FRIENDLY critic asked me recently if the storm of criticism, confusion, and misunderstanding concerning the Companionate Marriage which has raged about my head for the last year had caused any modification in my own conception of the Companionate Marriage.

My first impulse was to say, "None whatever." Then I thought it over; and my answer, subject to qualifications which I shall make presently, was, "Yes." By which I mean that criticism and the evident confusion of thought which has grown up around this Companionate program have led me, for clarity's sake, to a fresh formulation of the idea. It has not been a change in my Companionate program, but it has been a shift of emphasis which, I think, presents the whole program in better perspective to minds untrained in sociological thought. In other words, the necessities of the situation have forced me to delve deeper and deeper for the truth and substance of the matter; and, while it has not been altogether pleasant to face opposition which was too often biased and unreasonable, yet the vine becomes more fruitful from rigorous pruning. I am far better able today to win the support of reasonable people to the Companionate program than I was when this matter first came to the attention of the public.

It is unfortunate that one cannot approach the formulation of a new idea, or of an old idea from a new angle, with a clear-cut, prophetic knowledge of just how the mind of the ordinary human pillar of conservatism will work. If one could anticipate the workings of the average mind to that extent, it would be possible, perhaps, to contrive an orientation so crafty and so canny that one could finally slip the central idea home as skillfully as some philanthropic pickpocket might make you a present by inserting it into your pocket undetected. I suppose I should have been able to do that; and indeed, if I could start over again, knowing what I now know, I think I could.

But that creates the second horn of a dilemma; for if one turned the trick that way, the Companionate idea wouldn't attract the slightest attention, so conservative is it and so free from the rumored wickedness which has made it famous. On the other hand, perhaps nothing I could have said would have overcome the suggestion of original sin which that word "Companionate" carries to the inveterately puritanical American mind. It so clearly suggests the notion of people enjoying marriage that not even the marriage ceremony seems capable of making it respectable. In a country whose popular premise in sociology, as in religion, is that sex is sin, and that it is capable of becoming something else only by virtue of a miraculously cleansing rite, I doubt if that word "Companionate" could have been smuggled past the clerical guards unchallenged by any means whatever. It would inevitably be as a red rag to all who believe, with St. Paul, that it is better to marry than to burn, and that we would all be a lot fitter for heaven if we didn't marry at all—marriage being, by this code, a concession to our sinful lusts.

THE word "Companionate" makes a peculiarly illuminating and vivid appeal to the imagination. I only wish it might illuminate the understanding as easily. One thing that convinces me that it was the appeal of this word that really stirred up most of the fuss, by creating in the minds of conservative people a violent fear for the safety of society and the "foundations of the home," is that in "The Revolt of Modern Youth" we suggested the very same program under the name "Non-Procreative Marriage," and that under that name it was never attacked nor even commented on by people who most bitterly disapproved of the book. There is nothing in that term "non-procreative" that concretely suggests a good time. It is coldly negative, scientific, and impersonal. But change it to "Companionate," and you have a conception that makes the sinful heart of the average man or woman leap in sympathy. No wonder the newspapers gleefully translated it into "Trial Marriage" and "Free Love," and read into it implications of license and unrestraint based on the idea that here was a way of accepting the privileges of marriage while rejecting and avoiding its responsibilities.

So I have learned, at the cost of head-on collision with an immense body of ill-informed public opinion, how painful is the task of any one who, in response to the urge of an idea, dares finally to bring it forth in order that it may grow and develop in contact with the outside world—its crudities, its imperfections, its flounderings, its strivings toward an equilibrium, all displayed to the view of people who, generally speaking, do not like to think, and have no sympathy or tolerance for this painful business of creation.

One explanation of the furor created by the Companionate Marriage idea is to be found in the fact that the book itself was a growth, an attempt to answer attacks which began while the early chapters of the book were being published serially in the "Red Book" magazine. The early chapters were devoted to setting forth certain conditions in marriage; and it was my confident expectation that those chapters would draw the most violent denunciation from conservative sources. To my surprise, the evidences of disapproval were very slight. The storm did not break until after publication of the fifth installment, where I advocated some provision by which, through legalized birth control, marriage might be made practicable for thousands of young people who are delaying marriage for economic reasons produced by this industrial age. Perhaps I should not have cited the case of a delinquent girl to show the need for some change in the way we regulate and order marriage. The inference seemed plain to a good many unsophisticated minds, and especially to newspapers bent on sensationalizing the idea, that here was a program that would enable

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restive people, particularly restive and irresponsible young people, to give free rein to their impulses and yet remain within the accommodating law. They would marry, they would satisfy their sex impulses, and they would unmarry and then try another legalized erotic affair as soon as they fancied it, and so on *ad infinitum;* and there would be no children to complicate this program. That is the conception of the Companionate Marriage which went broadcast over this country then, and it is the conception of it which is still accepted by an immense portion of the public.

I DO not blame this situation on the uncritical and ununderstanding public which does not read, and which takes its ideas almost wholly from what it picks up in the newspapers. It *is* astonishing, however, that leaders of opinion should have exhibited such singular ineptness in dealing with the Companionate Marriage program. I was expecting intelligent and informed criticism from people who, before expressing their opinions, would first find out what the Companionate program really was. But I got nothing of the sort. Leaders of public opinion everywhere gave newspaper interviews which showed very clearly that they were relying for their information on what some reporter had told them I said; and it has been the same ever since.

After that installment, which I call the "Fatal Fifth," the rest of the series was given over to answering criticisms and to meeting the objections and the misunderstandings that were spurting at me from all directions; all of which was about as effective, after the storm started, as trying to fight a nest of hornets by striking back at them or saying to them, "Come, let us reason together."

The "Red Book" was flooded with hundreds of letters from infuriated readers, some of whom canceled their subscriptions. Ready to present both sides of the subject, the magazine printed an article by a very well known minister, together with a photograph of the gentleman calculated to inspire confidence and calm in the mind of any conservative who had been disturbed by my heresies. It appeared that he had married several hundred people in the course of his long ministry, and that nobody could tell him anything about marriage. He laid on vigorously. Here is a sample of what he had to say:

"Marriage is, after a fashion, a trades union of women for their own protection. The prostitute and the vamp are the scabs who underbid the union wage. When men begin to believe, with Samuel Butler, that it is cheaper to buy milk than to keep a cow, their discovery is a sad one for those among the dairy maids who have begun to discover now and then a gray hair in the comb. . . . Married women will do well to reserve their union cards, and keep their dues well paid, and also keep up the high quality of their goods. They have competition."

I should be curious to know the effect of that estimate of the spiritual values of marriage, and of the basis on which it rests, on the mind of any woman with a shred of self-respect and independence. To me it seems a perfect example of how a certain type of conservatism, even in excellent people, can degrade and coarsen whatever it touches. To me the effect of that passage is about as unsavory as the lifting of a lid from the side of a sewer. "The high quality of their goods. . . . They have competition." Is marriage, then, the sale of women's bodies at union prices, or is it a partnership and a companionship wherein love is a gift—and not for sale in competition with any sort of prostitution, legal or otherwise? The Church, which has always looked on marriage as a means by which man could avoid the supposed sinfulness of sex by changing the sin, through some sort of magic hocus-pocus, into something that was not sin, has always by inference taken the attitude expressed by this minister, but seldom in a form so shameless and inept.

So the controversy went on; and the articles we wrote in an effort to meet criticism and misrepresentation finally resulted in the volume now known as "The Companionate Marriage." The book was thus written in the heat of action; and there is parry, cut, and thrust in every page of it. Its merits and defects are both largely to be explained by that fact.

ONE curious fact about the book is that, although it has been so thoroughly discussed in this country that it has become a household word, its sale has not been large. As nearly as I can determine, there are some 120,000,000 persons in the United States who have very positive opinions about Companionate Marriage. Everybody knows about Companionate Marriage; few books ever published in the United States, or in the world, for that matter, have ever been so widely discussed; and yet the sale of the book has been negligible as compared with this vast ocean of stormy opinion. Seldom do I find anybody who has read the book who does not very largely agree with it; but seldom do I find anybody who has read it.

I have during the last few months been engaging in a series of debates, most of them with ministers. Some of them have taken issue with me in ways that resulted in illuminating discussions which I, for one, greatly enjoyed. Others in taking their stand on the four-square Gospel, have sometimes gone after my scalp with a vicious hostility that shows how little theology has to do with religion. That part of the experience has not been pleasant.

I recall one typical experience in a city of the Middle West. My opponent was a local minister, and a typical Bible Belt fanatic to boot. He had an imposing physical presence—very tall, very fat, with a pale face that showed lack of exercise, and jowls that shook like jelly when he walked. He had a hand like a ham; it was soft and sticky with cold perspiration when I shook hands with him. His eyes were little, and of a cold, steel gray that tried to bore holes in one. I sized him up, not unjustly, as I presently found out, as of the type which in a former day would have taken pleasure in burning heretics and hanging witches.

He opened fire by saying that his sainted mother had told him of "the greatness of Judge Lindsey," but that the Judge had changed; something terrible had happened to him. Here he pointed at me with a thick forefinger and shouted that he was sick with the shame of me; that the asylums were full of people like Lindsey, people who thought they had an idea; that fellow-ministers of his in Denver had written him that Lindsey had been driven from his court by the rotten doctrine of free love he called Companionate Marriage.

Here he pointed at me again. Then he pounded his chest till it resounded, and roared that nobody in the audience would have come to listen to Lindsey's rot if it hadn't been "for me" (indicating himself). He then went on to reiterate over and over that I was for trial marriage and free love, for easy divorce, and for impermanence in the marriage relationship.

He explained that Companionate Marriage was physiologically wrong because it emphasized sex—which set me to wondering what kind of marriage doesn't. Instantly he enlightened me. Sex, he said, was a thing which should be sublimated; self-control was the thing, not birth control. He thought the

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Companionate socially wrong because civilization was "founded on the home," which was founded on self-sacrifice, not on sex gratification with and through birth control. He thought it ethically wrong because it would "make human beings like beasts in their lust" and would tear down all the restraints which civilization had fostered and developed in the race.

He said reputable doctors everywhere said that the use of birth control made women sterile, and that women should avoid it. He thought that if I wanted to legalize such goings on, I might as well extend the program to include the legalization of arson, theft, and the like. Marriage, he added, was made for sacrifice, and for the glory of unhappiness, and the good of the family, not at all for happiness; and that only by this road of unhappiness, self-sacrifice, and sedulously cultivated misery could real spiritual joy be found.

He made much of the fact that I was against prohibition, and announced in stentorian tones that I wanted to see a saloon on every street corner in their fair city, and that if I had my way I would change the name of their town to Hell.

Of course all this gave me plenty to talk about, and we had lively going. But such a set-to never makes me happy. What I want is to get some light thrown on Companionate Marriage by having the opportunity to meet sane and intelligent criticism from people who are sociologically minded rather than theologically minded.

I had most of the audience with me by the end of this debate, if it can be called a debate; and a number of students from the neighboring university were especially emphatic in indicating their approval after the thing was over. My usual experience is that college students are solidly with me. Not always. On this occasion two young women came to the platform where I was meeting a number of people and hissed in my face as they passed, "You're the bunk."

The newspapers in that city refused to print any announcements of the debate or to report it. The editor of one paper told me in a personal talk that he did not approve of these new-fangled ideas; that he thought the place of women was in the home, with plenty of children; and that nobody would do anything but raise hell if my program ever came into practice.

Such experiences are illuminating. One intensely interesting feature of these debates has been the responses I get from different audiences to the same presentation of my facts. In Cleveland, for instance, I encountered a friendly and courteous clerical opponent who found himself in agreement with me in many things; and our debate became a discussion whose chief effort was to clarify the issue and throw light on it. The audience was friendly to both of us; there was no fanatical tension, and people left the hall in a state of mind that made them capable of reasoning calmly about the whole issue.

In a city not far from Cleveland the situation was exactly the reverse. There I met an evangelical preacher who created from the beginning an atmosphere of hostility so paralyzing to clear thinking that one had to grit one's teeth and charge through as a soldier might fix his bayonet and charge the enemy. I could feel it like a tangible thing. To meet that kind of opposition is a cruel ordeal.

The balloting conducted at these debates is an interesting thing to watch. What I find is that when the audience can vote *without signing their ballots* they vote heavily with me. Always a number of the ballots turned in are unsigned—and these are almost invariably for Companionate Marriage. Usually in such an audience there are many who do not vote.

I inquired about this in one place of a man who had been in the audience. The debate had been against a particularly fanatical opponent who had drawn a large number of his own followers in that community to the debate; I have seldom breathed a more hostile atmosphere than the one he succeeded in creating. Yet, in spite of that, the voting had been about evenly divided.

The man looked at me queerly. "Don't you get it?" he asked. "I'm for you; but I didn't dare vote. Scores of people around me didn't vote; or else they voted but didn't sign their ballots."

"But why?"

"Say, Judge, I'm a leader in our church, and I've got a business that depends on my keeping my reputation in this city. Do you suppose I'm going to put my name to anything saying that I am *for* Companionate Marriage? Do you suppose I want to have our minister getting up in the pulpit some Sunday and calling me down as a disciple of free love? My wife is a strong follower of his, and she's dead against you. I can't afford to start anything like that. Take the tip from me, Judge. Fix things so no one will have to sign, and the crowd will be for you almost solid. They just don't dare say what they think."

But what has surprised me most has been the attitude taken by a good many leaders of thought—not ministers already committed to a defense of marriage as is, but presumably liberal thinkers. Some of these take the unwarranted ground that birth control is not scientifically possible; others oppose me on the ground that, since I favor divorce by mutual consent for childless couples, I favor easy divorce—which is not a fact, as they could easily find out by a more attentive reading of our book "The Companionate Marriage."

One of those who do not believe in Companionate Marriage is Dr. Joseph Collins, who looked at it in a recent article in The Outlook. He is one of those who deny that scientific contraception is possible, who believe that the practice of using any contraceptives whatever is injurious, and that it produces sterility in women. There are plenty of extremely competent members of the medical profession who disagree with Dr. Collins on this point. But what most interested me in reading Dr. Collins on the subject was a pronouncement on page 59 of "The Doctor Looks at Love and Life." I suggest that the reader take a look at this.

"The Church would be wisely advised" (says Dr. Collins) "were it to give the same approval to marriages for companionship that it now gives to marriages for procreation; and the State would be equally far-sighted were it to make companion-contracts far more easily dissolved than family contracts. It is the only way of overcoming one of the most formidable obstacles to personal health and happiness and to national efficiency and prosperity: belated matrimony for economical reasons."

I entirely agree with Dr. Collins, but I find myself looking at him with surprise; for what I don't understand is how Dr. Collins would work his "companion-contracts" without the birth control of which he so greatly disapproves. Does he harbor the notion that people living in these companion-contracts will live together like brothers and sisters? If he does, he had better take another look. If he doesn't, why does he recommend such an arrangement if birth control is "unnatural" and a producer of permanent sterility in women, and if it is not practicable, anyway? Certainly that brother-and-sister idea would be a very surprising one to come from an eminent

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What the Stock Exchange Really Does

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

The traditionally abused stock exchange is here ably defended by Mr. Crowell. He points out that most of its objectionable features flow, not out of the exchange, but out of the folly of the gambling public. The small investors seldom enter the market in numbers until stocks are on the upgrade, frequently not until the tail end of a rise, when the inevitable reaction is about to set in. The shorn lamb then blames the brokers for his own error of judgment.

WHENEVER you see very much news about the stock exchange, the chances are about fifty to one that it takes the form of accusation, or at least complaint, along with suggested investigation or perhaps fervid pleas for immediate application of drastic reforms. That has been true for more than twenty years. Never have I observed praise of the stock market as a useful institution—not on the front pages of the newspapers. Nevertheless it is both extremely valuable and remarkably well managed. I have no desire to drape it with laurel leaves; it isn't heroic, nor is it noble; it's simply useful and indispensable. You could say the same thing of the street-cleaning department. But many millions of fairly well informed men and women do not grant it even that much. I am sure that I do not exaggerate when I say that millions of good citizens would feel that justice had triumphed if the principal stock exchanges of this country were all closed by force of law.

Listed on the big board of the New York Stock Exchange are hundreds of stocks and hundreds of bonds. They represent a complete cross-section of American industry. The corporations whose securities are thus listed are required to make regular and complete reports of their earnings, assets, and liabilities. They must come out into the light with all the important facts about themselves when their stocks and bonds are offered to the public in this market-place. If they do not keep faith, their securities are thrown out of the list. Supervision over these reports is constant and strict, but, as a matter of fact, virtually all of the companies not only comply with these requirements to the letter, but gladly go further and furnish careful analysis of their business outlook and general situation as well. No one has to trade in the dark when he is dealing with listed securities.

To have this market-place is of tremendous importance to the corporations that use it, and for a reason that ought to be obvious to every one. Let us suppose that you own a horse that by any reasonable test of value of horseflesh is worth $200, but that you and your horse are, unfortunately, in an isolated place where you can get in touch with only ten persons, and not one of them wants a horse. What, from a sternly practical point of view, is the value of your horse? I submit that you can't prove that your $200 horse is worth ten cents at that moment and in that place. But if you could take your horse to some place where the buying and selling of horses goes on every day you could establish its true value. If the market was overstocked, you might not get $200 for him; but in all probability you could get $175, which would be a great deal better than nothing at all. You might sell him to a man who had no more need for a horse than the ten persons who previously refused to buy, but this purchaser in the horse market would be a trader, awaiting just such opportunities. He would hold that horse until the market returned to normal and then take his profit. Now the question naturally arises with reference to such a trader, Is he worth his salt or is he simply a parasite? I believe he is worth his salt. No one will deny that it is of the greatest importance to have a market-place. Then why overlook the fact that it is equally important to have an active market-place? If you would rather sell at once for $175 than to wait three weeks for $200, that trader did you no injury.

LET'S see how this applies to stocks and bonds; we will examine the facts as they apply to a professional man who has about $10,000 to invest. He doesn't care to gamble; as a matter of fact, he can't even spare the time to read the daily market quotations in the newspapers, much less hang over a stock ticker all day. He wants an investment that is safe, sound, and that will earn more than the 4 per cent he could get by leaving his money in the savings bank. Very well; he looks into the subject of stocks, gets sound advice, and then makes some purchases. It isn't necessary for him to pay outright for every share of stock. He can buy on margin; but this sort of purchaser would probably elect to put up a margin of thirty to fifty per cent. He doesn't wish to be bothered in the future as to whether his margin is adequate.

The broker makes the purchases and puts up that part of the money which his customer did not furnish. He borrows this money in the open market at about 4 per cent; sometimes it will be 4½ per cent. He charges his customer from 5½ to 6 per cent. But let us assume that the stocks purchased bring in an average of 7 per cent. That is not at all unusual where stocks are bought for the long pull instead of for a quick turn. If 7 per cent is the average return, then the customer is making a profit on the money his broker lends him at 6 per cent; also the broker is making a little profit on the money he borrowed in the open market. Moreover, the banks that furnished this money at 4 per cent or a trifle more are also making a profit, because they got most of it at about 2 per cent. It is a good deal for everybody concerned, and that is one of the soundest tests of any business transaction. But the country merchant and the farmer, to mention only two among many, often wonder why that stock broker can borrow money at about 4 per cent when they cannot. Right here we come to the crux of a great deal of the hostility toward the stock exchange.

And yet there is nothing sinister and no mystery whatever about the low rate of interest for money used to finance stock and bond purchases. It rests upon the fact that the stock exchange is always active. Prices may not be going up—in fact, the stock exchange is always tremendously active when prices are falling rapidly, but that only emphasizes its tremendous vitality. The point is that listed securities can be sold—and not only that, they can be sold instantly. The banks make very conservative estimates of values when they lend money on these stocks and bonds. Their risk is almost entirely theoretical. Consider for a moment what this means in terms of the price of money; here is this stock broker who wishes not over fifty per

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cent of a very conservative estimate of the value of a sound, listed security that can be sold instantly. The bank can call back its money at any moment or on very short notice; some of the loans will be time loans and others call loans. Why should the bank charge more than 4½ per cent? Compare that loan with one negotiated by a cotton farmer. He must have the money for not less than nine months, and preferably a year. He uses the money to buy seed, fertilizer, equipment, labor, and food. Not a cent of this money can be recalled until the crop is harvested. All of it is utterly consumed, and there remains only the growing crop as security. If the bank that made the loan were suddenly to need cash, it couldn't call this loan. Not only was the time limit specified in the mortgage; even if it were not, the farmer couldn't return the money, because the things he bought with it have been consumed. He can't sell them and recover the cash; they no longer exist. Only the growing crop exists. Now suppose some disaster overtakes the crop; that can happen even when the yield is bountiful. Such a disaster happened when the export market for cotton was ruined by a world war. The cotton farmers certainly didn't start that war, nor had they any means for learning that it was coming. It came; that's all; and they were hurt. So were those who had loaned them money. Neither could sell out and quit. The only sensible thing for the lenders to do under the circumstances was to continue to carry the farmers with additional credit. That's what they had to do, and that's what they did. The lenders in such a field take much greater risks than those who put money at hire at 4 to 5 per cent in the stock market. And, since their risks are greater, they will always have to charge a higher rate of interest, no matter how plentiful money may be.

AND now let's look at the position of the professional man who owns stocks and bonds when some unforeseen disaster affects their market value. He can sell out instantly. But suppose he simply does nothing. I raise this supposition in order to place him as a borrower in the same position of inactivity that is forced upon farmers under similar circumstances. Very well, the professional man utterly neglects his investments; and now let's see how that affects his creditors. The broker carries him until his margins are exhausted by losses and then, not being able to get more margin, sells him out. He has lost, but the broker hasn't. Neither has the lender of call money, because the broker returns it intact. These lenders are safe, and that is why the interest rate is low.

Even under the most favorable business conditions those who supply the stock and bond market with call money can't leave it there very long. It isn't their money, or it will soon be needed elsewhere. Corporations often employ their surplus funds for short periods in the call money market. Each lender's money is available for only a short time, and positively must not be tied up. The broker borrows, repays, borrows again, repays, and goes on endlessly in this manner. But there is always call money available. And why? Because there is always surplus cash in some part of the country looking for a few weeks' work. If it can find employment with no strings tied, or very weak ones, and absolutely safe security that can be reconverted into cash on a moment's notice, it will accept a cheap wage. It comes pouring into New York at about 2 per cent on daily balances; if it can earn 4 per cent for its brief stay, it has done well. Suppose it couldn't find a job in New York, then what? Would it turn toward the wheat and cotton fields? No, it couldn't. It has only a short time to remain. It is a sort of floating surplus with only a day-to-day existence; it may evaporate any moment if checked against back in the small-town banks from which it came. There is no other market on earth so available for this floating, shifting, rising, and diminishing surplus of cash as the stock and bond market. Robbed of that employment, it is difficult to imagine what it would do to earn wages. My guess is that if it could be robbed of that employment in this country it would find similar employment abroad, which certainly would be no advantage to American industry.

Let us suppose that it were impossible to buy even the soundest stocks and bonds on a margin. Every buyer would then be required to put up the full purchase price. Trading is usually in units of 100 shares. For a stock with a par value of $100 this means an investment of $10,000. Most of the owners of stocks and bonds in this country couldn't put up that sum, and consequently would make no purchase or make much smaller purchases "over the counter." There is no need for thus limiting trading in sound securities, and there is no need for thus robbing the floating surplus of cash which seeks the call money market of its chance to earn an honest and legitimate hire. The best possible way to manage these two problems is to do precisely what is now being done. And that, of course, leaves the field open for speculators who do business on short margins; but if they choose to take that chance I see no sound reason for prohibiting them from the hazardous risk. They don't have to do it. Brokerage firms sternly discourage short margins; they have every reason to hope that their customers will profit from their transactions and none whatever to hope for losses. Many firms insist upon margins of not less than twenty points and argue the wisdom of fifty-point margins. On cheap stocks they frequently decline to do business upon margin at all, especially if the stock is not paying dividends. The gambler, they learned long ago, is not their best customer. He doesn't last long enough, as a rule. The sane investor remains for a lifetime.

THERE are in-and-out traders, however, who know their business and grow rich on very small profits, but I class them among the geniuses. What shall we say of that kind of trader? Isn't he a parasite? Well, I'm not sure. He helps to make the market active, and, as I said before, it is just as important to have an active market as to have a market.

Commenting upon him reminds me of the bears who sell short of the market. Without careful analysis of their operations I'm sure you'd say they were absolutely destructive. But let's see if they are. The bear examines all of the facts bearing upon a listed security and discovers that speculation has carried it to a price quite beyond justification. He therefore steps into the market and offers large blocks of that stock at prices below the current quotations. If his calculations are correct, the market refuses to absorb these offerings and prices tumble rapidly. Presently he has touched off some stop loss orders. But let's take up his operations in detail. We will assume that the stock he selects for attack is selling at 90 when he figures that a reasonable price based upon earnings and the general business situation in that line is 65. He offers huge blocks of the stock at 89; the market takes very little; he drops the price to 88; the market is sluggish; he reduces the price to 86, and the two-point drop causes alarm; some of the stock is bought, but the market is unsteady; he drops the price to 85, and while buying picks up he has touched off a lot of stop loss orders that swamp those who are endeavoring to support the market. The price drops to

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83. At this point he figures that he has a very good profit, so he goes in and buys back all the stock he has sold. This steadies the market and brings it back to 86. He has sold the stock which he did not own at 86. He has a fat profit for the day's operations because he bought back a great deal at 83 to 85. His is a hazardous operation, because all stocks sold must be delivered at 2:15 o'clock the following day, and he didn't own the stocks he first offered; he borrowed those, and in some cases he had to pay a rental charge. If he isn't able to deliver all of the stocks he sold by 2:15 o'clock of the following day, they will be bought for him by the management of the stock exchange on the open market regardless of price, and he must take his losses. But notice the salutary effect he has upon a run-away bull market in the stock in question. We have granted him a successful operation, so we must grant that his calculations of values were substantially correct. He figured that that stock was worth not much over 65 and it was selling at 90. He sold recklessly until he depressed the price to 83, but then he had to buy back for delivery on the following day, and that cushioned the decline, so that at the close of the day the stock was again at 86. The bear, or short seller, has saved many an investor from disaster. He depresses the price, but he also cushions the decline and gives the sensible man who has made an error plenty of opportunity to get out.

Most of the objectionable features of a great stock exchange flow out of the folly of the gambling public. It is extremely hesitant about coming into the market when prices are at rock bottom for the simple reason that prices have been falling for a long time before they reach rock bottom. The public doesn't become interested until prices begin to rise. Then Mr. Lamb says to himself: "I see Tulips Preferred advanced four points this week. I had half a mind to buy some of that last month when it was selling at 78. I believe it's still too low, but you can't tell. The market has been spotty. It may drop back to 75. I'll wait." Next week Tulips Preferred goes to 85. "Well, well," says Mr. Lamb, "I was right about that stock, after all. It really ought to be at par; it's worth 100. But the market has been bad for quite a while; I'll wait." Next week Tulips Preferred goes to 90. Mr. Lamb begins to regret his procrastination, because the whole list is advancing. Obviously, a bull market is under way. He buys one hundred shares at 90, and they are presently quoted at 95. He sells at 96, regrets it, buys back at 97, sells at 99, buys back at 102; buys another hundred shares at 104, and a third hundred at 106. The stock goes to 109½, and he is jubilant. He buys an automobile. Then the stock drops back to 100, which is just about what it is worth. He got in on the tail end of the rise, not for an investment but for a quick turn. His first hunch based on the one report of earnings he happened to see was correct, but he was afraid of the market. Later he forgot all about earnings, and bought because the market was bullish—bought several times, in fact. Now he's stuck. But that isn't the fault of the stock market. It was his own private individual error based upon his own psychology.

Gamblers, clowns, parasites, and all the rest serve some useful purpose when they help to make a market, because the underlying, fundamental strength is furnished by the solid investor. But where would he be but for the rest of these fellows? He has his little $10,000, and with it he can buy at least $20,000 worth of stocks. He can cash in any day between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M., regardless of whether he's winning or losing. If he needs his money back, he can get it. Meanwhile he is making a market for the capital securities of American enterprise. That's what the stock market means.

What Do You Think It Is?

(*Continued from page 658*)

neurologist who is supposed to know a good deal about the part played by sex in human life.

It remains to set down briefly my definition of Companionate Marriage. It is not putting it too strongly to say that the expression has within the last year become a living and, I believe, a permanent part of the language. If I had wanted further proof of this, after reading hundreds of press clippings on the subject, I got it recently in the form of a letter from the editors of a rather well known dictionary, asking me to help them formulate a definition. They were trying to define it, and they were having hard sledding, judging by the definition they submitted to me. So I went at it myself, and I had hard sledding too. Crowding an institution as big as Companionate Marriage into the space usually allotted to a dictionary definition is a mental exercise which I can recommend to any cross-word puzzle fan who is looking for something to do in his spare time.

Companionate Marriage has been defined in our book as "legal marriage with legalized birth control, and with the right to divorce by mutual consent for childless couples, usually without payment of alimony." If the reader will study that and remember that my program is *not anything that is not contained in that definition,* he can form his own conclusions.

Here is a somewhat more extended version of that first definition:

Companionate Marriage is a program which proposes to legalize, stabilize, and direct certain of the customs, privileges, and practices of modern marriage; practices which are already in widespread use, but which have no legalized status or direction.

The first of these is birth control.

The second is divorce by mutual consent for persons who, having no dependent children, cannot remain married by mutual consent; such divorce to be granted only after a court of domestic relations had failed in a humane and scientific effort to reconcile the couple. (Note that this would not be easy divorce, and that divorce could not under this provision be obtained offhand.)

The third concerns alimony, which would not be the arbitrary right of the wife, as at present, but would be allowed when, in the judgment of the Court, circumstances justified it. By the same token, the property rights of childless couples would be determined with reference to the economic status of the parties in each case.

The fourth feature of the program would be for the State to undertake the education of youth and married couples in the laws of love, sex, and life, to equip them for the duties of marriage and parenthood.

Finally, Companionate Marriage is not a marriage which would remain "sterile by contract;" and it does not provide that the husband and wife necessarily remain economically independent of each other. All such matters would be determined by individual couples according to their own wish. Companionate Marriage would merely give them the legal right to decide such matters without interference. We already have a bootleg Companionate. I want to legalize it and put it under the supervision and control of society.

That's all. Now what did *you* think it was?

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First Lady of New York

By PARKER LLOYD-SMITH

THE jaunty shadow of Al Smith falls almost athwart the White House steps, and the lorgnettes of Washington and elsewhere are lifted for a searching look at the woman who was Katie Dunn, who may succeed Mrs. Calvin Coolidge as titular First Lady. What would she make of it? How well does Oliver Street bear transplanting?

For answer, the lorgnettes might well be aimed in the direction of Albany; not at the offices where day after day Al chews his interminable cigars, but at the gloomy rooms which were the Victorian conception of an Executive Mansion. Here Mrs. Smith is at home. Here she entertains her guests and takes care of her children. Here, in this dismal pile of red brick, she has played her part of First Lady of the State for nearly eight years.

Mrs. Smith has not been found wanting in that quality we call poise. The few local society leaders who have had the curiosity to see what she was doing in the big, ugly parlors never have found their hostess at a loss. She has met them with serenity, entertained them without constraint. In general, she has not sought to make the acquaintanceship ripen into an intimacy, but no one ever left the Executive Mansion with an impression of unfriendliness.

For Mrs. Smith does not know what it is to be rude. There was one occasion, many years ago, when an Albany woman decided to cultivate the new Governor and his wife, and opened negotiations with a dinner invitation. It was observed at the Mansion, with some sharpness, that Al and she had no desire to go as Governor Smith and his wife where they had not been asked as Assemblyman Smith and his wife. But this was Al's doing, and with his tongue in his cheek. Mrs. Smith would not have thought of it. She would have gone without the least resentment, smiling amiably, eating heartily. She harbors no grudge against women who have not sought her out, because she never has wanted to be sought out. Why pretend to an anger she doesn't feel?

In the first place, she is far too busy to work out social vengeances. She has a large family, and her family comes first in her every waking hour. If she thought it would help Al to keep her hand in his literally, as she does figuratively, she would not leave his side. Except for politics, she shares all his interests, from the menagerie he keeps behind the Mansion to the hearty jokes he loves to tell. When he goes campaigning, she sees to it that his clothes are adequate in quantity and in quality. When he installs himself at the Biltmore, she stands with him to receive old friends of other days. She watches his comic strips flashed on the screen at the Mansion and interrupts herself to sit down at the piano if he asks for a song or a tune. Her warm, cheerful voice floats over the plush and the mahogany. She makes a home in a wilderness of bad taste.

Transplanted? Why, not at all. There was less mahogany in the early years of her married life, but there was no less happiness. It is her husband she cares about, not the house where her husband happens to be living. She would walk as quietly, as unaffectedly, into Buckingham Palace as into a Greenwich Village garret, if she knew she was to make a home for Al. In either case, her first thought would be for his comfort. Mrs. Smith could not be transplanted; she makes her own environment.

IT is inconceivable that the White House should prove an exception. If she is destined to alight from her car and climb the steps for her courtesy call, it is a safe guess that her first question will have to do with the practical conveniences of living. She will not be concerned with the period of the furniture, the history of the portraits, or the purely social duties she will have to perform. These can come in due course. The most important thing will be the adaptability of the White House to her family's needs. Where can her grandchildren stay when they visit her? What are the accommodations for Al's wardrobe? Where is the best place for the moving-picture screen?

This is not to suggest that she would shirk her social duties. She never fails Al in tasks which are linked with his own. There was a time when the Governor thought he would enjoy a small and extremely select dinner club in Albany, a club of men and women of the oldest and most distinguished families of the Dutch city. Mrs. Smith went willingly, and showed neither boredom nor enthusiasm. Her contentment with life, her absorption in her family, makes itself apparent in a poise which is no more threatened by social success than by social snubs.

The dinner club came to an abrupt end when its activities attracted publicity, but Mrs. Smith has continued to stand in receiving lines, to entertain at the Mansion, and to go to occasional dinners. A great many visitors, of all stations of society, came to Albany for the wedding, in June, 1926, of the Governor's eldest daughter, Emily, to Major John Adams Warner, of the State police. Mrs. Smith received thousands at the Mansion—received them graciously, according exactly the same smile to the Mayor of Chinatown that she gave to the most exalted social personage. All were the friends of her family; all wished her daughter happiness; all were welcome in her home.

Just such a hostess would Mrs. Smith appear if she stood with her husband in the Blue Room. All would be the friends of her husband; all would be welcome in her home.

The intellectual occupations of the First Lady of the Land are largely a matter of personal choice. While many of the world's distinguished scholars and scientists come at one time or another to a White House luncheon, they do not anticipate intellectual conversation. It is the rare guest who cherishes the hope that luncheon with the President will be a feast of national and international talk. Most astronomers are forewarned that their eminent host and hostess could not find the Great Dipper in the skies, and the visiting British novelist knows better than to discuss the reaction from realism. If the President or his wife happen to be familiar with some phase of a guest's work, they are apt to mention it briefly, but they need not even do this. They can keep the conversation within the safe and decorous limits of the weather, the latest exploits of the aviators, and the beauties of Washington.

Mrs. Smith would not be required to understand the political significance of

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Mrs. Alfred E. Smith

Fascism before entertaining the Italian Ambassador, nor would she be likely to understand it. She reads rarely, and almost never along political or economic lines. The daily papers interest her, partially because she loves to scan the advertisements and look for the announcements of auction sales. These have a fascination for her, to which she often yields when the Governor takes her for a holiday at Atlantic City.

Although she has but slight interest in politics, she reads assiduously those parts of the newspapers in which her husband's name appears with increasing frequency. She is firmly convinced of the justice and wisdom of the Governor's position on every controversial issue, a conviction which rests more on her faith in his infallibility than on any close study of the problems involved.

IN one important particular Mrs. Smith's qualifications for First Ladyship cannot be questioned. No breath of scandal could attach itself to the manner of living which would mark the Smiths' occupancy of the White House. It is literally true that she is without vices. She has her weaknesses—for shopping, for candy, for bracelets—but she indulges in none of the fads which have become popular with emancipated women.

Mrs. Smith does not want to be emancipated. She has never felt the need or the desire to seek new pleasures or new activities. In recent years she has enjoyed the opportunity to watch the races at Saratoga, but she does not gamble. Neither smoking nor drinking was among a lady's pleasures when she was a girl, and it would not occur to her that they could become more desirable simply because they are more attainable. She is, if you like, Victorian.

If many aspects of her life in the White House would seem to be negative, she has in her family one member who can be relied upon for a more positive leadership. Emily Warner derives from her father. Where Mrs. Smith would efface herself, would be content to bask in the reflected glory of Al's bright sun, Emily would strike out on her own account. She alone of the family has taken her position in Albany society, opening a charming house to her friends. Major Warner is a musician as well as a policeman, and their evenings at home have taken on almost the proportions of a *salon*. Emily is forceful, witty, attractive. If the women of the Smith family are to add new distinctions to White House history, it will be Emily who leads the way.

Albany gossiped curiously a little more than a year ago when Mrs. Smith sat down to dinner with Mrs. Woodrow Wilson at the home of Colonel William Gorham Rice. The occasion was marked by the publication of a hitherto unknown letter from the war President in which he had kind words for Governor Smith, then at the beginning of his long career in the Mansion. Albany wondered what these two women would think of each other—the one a careful student of the League of Nations, deeply interested in the international aspects of Mr. Wilson's work, the other a housewifely woman with an uncritical admiration for a Democrat of a newer school.

Albany still wonders. Those who were guests at that dinner table say that nothing could have bettered the poise of Mrs. Wilson unless it were the poise of Mrs. Smith. She smiled cordially across the table, betrayed not the slightest nervousness nor any consciousness that the occasion was unusual. She must have realized that if she goes to the White House she will be Mrs. Wilson's direct successor in the Democratic descent, but there was neither ambition nor curiosity in her quiet glances, her placid voice. Just so, one fancies, would she dine with the Prince of Wales if he came to the White House. If he wished to talk, she would answer. If he preferred to remain silent, she would be content.

It is as idle to conjure up lurid visions of Mrs. Smith in the White House as it was to read a dramatic meaning into her meeting with Mrs. Wilson. Except in so far as a generous, friendly spirit may be counted an influence, Mrs. Smith would not greatly affect the thought or the life of the people. The lorgnettes now focused upon her soon would be turned to other, more piquant figures in the National limelight.

Mrs. Smith would neither notice nor care, being entirely occupied with the task of remaking a rather large and forbidding house into a home.

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Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

Neighbors

THERE is a man in New York who leads a quiet and methodical life. He runs a small restaurant on the ground floor of an undistinguished building. The rest of the building is given over to human dwellings. These habitations are linked together only by the watchfulness of a single guardian, the housekeeper—as removed as God observing the behavior of his planets. The owner of the restaurant has his home in that vague "upstairs." His life within those four walls has come to move with precision. Upon his bed he sleeps, a trunk holds his clothes, he has little company. Those who live on the other side of the walls around him are not so well known to him as the casual customer downstairs.

The other morning, after a quiet night's rest, this man arose by the clock and dressed as usual. Not quite as usual. The suit he had worn yesterday he would not wear to-day. It would be better, perhaps, to put on that suit which lay folded in the trunk. He opened the trunk, took out the folded coat, and held it up for inspection. He closed his eyes, and looked again. He passed his hand over his forehead, and looked still again. Impossible! Absurd! He himself had laid away this coat in perfect condition. Yet here was a hole. He shuddered. A hole that looked as though it had been made by a bullet. He turned back to the trunk and looked inside. Another hole. He moved the trunk away from the wall, and suddenly became aware that something existed beyond that partition. Through that wall a bullet had come. From whom? From where? And he had never heard the shot. The restaurant-keeper finished dressing with unaccustomed haste. The guardian power—the housekeeper—answered the disturbed tenant with her pass-keys. Yes, a gentleman lived on the other side of that wall—a gentleman engaged in mysterious business with mysterious friends. Only the other night she had heard music in that room—the gentleman was dancing with his girl; for she had seen them soon afterwards leaving together.

The restaurant-keeper stood behind her as she unlocked the door, and peered over her shoulder into the world of his neighbor where business, love, and music had crowded together. There were evidences in the room of his mysterious business. The neighbor must have been a bootlegger. He was now only a dead man—lying murdered on the floor.

Chicago

THERE was a little fox-terrier in Chicago who made his home in a shop window. According to his taste, it was an ideal home. There was always the illusion of fresh air, and when the sunshine struck warmly through the plate glass, the little dog could run up and down for miles and miles, flinging himself down to sleep whenever he had a mind, without ever being far from home. Here his food was brought to him by his master, the owner of the shop; and if he had been the hero of a fairy tale, waited on by invisible servitors, his every want could not have been more faithfully attended to. More than that, he was the constant center of attention. Even policemen, with their swinging night-sticks, would pause and regard him with respect.

Then Easter came to Chicago. The landlord stood thoughtfully behind his tenant's home and gazed through the glass at the hurrying Easter crowds. He could certainly let this place to better advantage. A dog does well enough at ordinary times, but at Easter it's rabbits that the crowd is looking for. Soon the owner of the shop received a shipment of forty rabbits, and the fox-terrier, without an hour's notice, was told he must leave. Indeed, he was forcibly removed to a dark secluded spot in the store. From this ignominious retreat the outraged tenant watched the commotion in his old quarters. There was his home. From puppyhood he had known no other. There was his tidy and private palace, given over without warning to the rabble. The Easter crowds paused in their hurrying. Forty rabbits in one window! It was wonderful. Any minute the place might be full of colored Easter eggs before their very eyes. The onlookers collected and stared in fascination through the plate glass. The heartless landlord smiled in satisfaction, and remembered an errand. He stepped through the back door of the shop. No sooner had he disappeared than a roar went up from the crowd on the pavement. For, as though at a given signal, a wild beast had leaped ferociously into the crowd of startled rabbits. A fox-terrier with glaring eyes and dripping jaws was slaughtering these furry animals before their very eyes. They could not get at him—where was the owner of the store? Oh, the poor bunnies! The crowd shuddered and surged. Before they could do more the landlord was back again. He was back just in time to see the last of the forty rabbits expiring in the jaws of the overthrown monarch.

Possessed

AN old man of seventy-eight was taken ill not long ago with pneumonia. This was the first time he had ever been really ill. Now the neighbors reported his illness. The hospital got ready a place for him, and attendants arrived to carry him away. This was calamity.

For over sixty years he had been independent—ever since he was a child. But how can one be independent with pneumonia? He had no family to care for him; he had no money; he had only one treasure—the secret of his independent and adventurous life.

At the hospital they wanted to know something of him. These people—they seemed to have some kind of right to him. What was his seemed suddenly to be his no longer—not even his corn-cob pipe. He gave haltingly and sparsely what was demanded. Yes, he was a workman. Well, he'd been watchman for one thing. What else? Well, he'd done all kinds of jobs—handyman, he might be called. Before that? Section laborer. No, nothing else, except—well, yes. He'd been with a circus once. He'd been a trapeze performer in a circus.

But still desperately the old man guarded that one secret which was his—though he might have known that they would take it from him in the end. He had been his own now for over sixty years. He had conquered life and emotion, poverty and hardship, tradition and society; but now they owned him. For it took them only a few hours at the hospital to discover that sixty years ago a girl of eighteen had thumbed her nose at existence and carved her own career. This frail and struggling old creature with grizzled head and wrinkled face, corn-cob pipe, and memories of adventure was a woman.

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Lights Down: A Review of the Stage

TO choose a sense of humor as the yardstick with which to measure a play is fraught with peculiar difficulties nowadays. Because humor is always an individual perception. And it raises immediately the question whether a genuine sense of humor is meant or merely a sense of fun; and precisely what are each of these things, anyway? In addition, our psychological friends are apt to remark with a leer that if you possess an exceptional sense of humor you are thereby merely avoiding real emotion. And so it goes. The whole subject is fraught with argument.

We find it difficult, nevertheless, to view the Theatre Guild's new production, "Volpone," from any other standpoint than that of its power to amuse. All the world knows, of course—or does once it has looked up the subject in a book—that Ben Jonson originally wrote a comedy called "Volpone" and produced it in London many, many years ago. Recently Stefan Zweig refashioned it into a modern sardonic farce, done in German, and the Theatre Guild has produced an English translation of this modern version. Ben Jonson, therefore, we suspect, lurks pretty far in the background. And, for all we know, is responsible only for the idea and plot, itself, in this present play.

It isn't a very good plot, either. Let us merely quote the paragraph wherein Ben Jonson, himself, describes it:

> Volpone, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
> Offers his state to hopes of several heirs,
> Lies languishing: his parasite receives
> Presents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves
> Other cross plots, which one themselves, are told,
> New tricks for safety are sought; they thrive; when bold,
> Each tempts the other again, and all are sold.

Here is essentially a series of theatrical devices arranged to bolster up an idea, which, to be genuinely credible, would have to be shown with very delicate psychological strokes. Needless to state, Ben Jonson never made any dramatic stroke that was delicate, and Stefan Zweig has not improved on his master.

The result is a comedy of life in (presumably) sixteenth-century Venice which starts out in true Shakesperean comedy style—being heavily comic and possessing the kind of humor high school boys enjoy—and then rather surprises the beholder by becoming increasingly dramatic, very ingenious, and actually surprising; and ends with such a rattling good last act that you are slightly ashamed of yourself for having concluded at the start that it was merely another version of the old "Comedy of Errors."

If the psychologists are right, keen humor is the possession only of a society which averts itself from reality. Since the Englishman of Ben Jonson's day apparently never averted his face from reality at any cost, it is perhaps too much to expect delicate humorous drama from him. The best comedy our good old English dramatists were capable of always involved gentlemen kicking one another in the seat of the pants or slipping upon banana peels. Cuckolds abounded, virgins were rare, playing clownish tricks was the height of drawing-room wit. Essentially, then, "Volpone" is based on this twelve-year-old kind of humor, so that, no matter how fine the Theatre Guild's company is, the performance itself gives the impression of a lot of people trying to make very funny something which isn't really very funny nowadays, after all. The more beautiful the production, the more effective the setting, and, above all, the more excellent the acting, the clearer this effort is noticeable. In the case of "Volpone," it results in a beautiful, colorful production well worth seeing, but devoted to a play which can hardly be called unusual.

The only thing that saves it, to our way of thinking, is the entrance of genuine reality in the third scene in the form of a gallant captain, who attempts to scatter to the four winds the incredible machinations of Volpone, the Levantine, and Mosca, his toady servant—only, alas! to find himself, an honest gentleman, thrust into the stocks as a reward for his gallant attempt to save a lady.

From the entrance of this captain the play becomes real, and the drama interest steadily rises. The play, which until then totters and dodders, suddenly becomes a drama—and succeeds amazingly well.

Whether Stefan Zweig or Ben Jonson is responsible for this, it is difficult to decide. Personally, we don't care. We were sorry to see Alfred Lunt and Dudley Digges and the rest trying so hard and so artistically to be funny; and were mightily relieved when the affair ended up worth while, after all.

On the credit side, it is only fair to add that in the ten years which have elapsed since the Guild first began its activities it has built up a company of players who are worth seeing for themselves, no matter what the play. Certainly, in a season which has included such worth-while affairs as "Strange Interlude," "Porgy," and "Marco's Millions" it would be a jaundiced critic who would take the Guild to task for having allowed intellectual "highbrowism" to overcome their better judgment in this one instance.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

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Music and Musicians

Good Friday Spell

By EUGENE BONNER

ALTHOUGH Richard Wagner did not compose the music to "Parsifal" until 1878–9, it was in the spring of 1857, twenty years earlier, that the idea of an opera on the subject began to take a definite shape in his mind. He was then living in Zurich (during his period of exile, 1849–1861). He writes in his autobiography:

> Beautiful spring weather now set in; on Good-Friday I awoke to find the sun shining brightly . . . the little garden was radiant with green, the birds sang, and at last I could sit on the roof and enjoy the long-yearned-for peace with its message of promise. Full of this sentiment, I suddenly remembered that the day was Good-Friday, and I called to mind the significance this omen had already once assumed for me when I was reading Wolfram's *Parsifal.* Since the sojourn in Marienbad, where I had conceived the *Meistersinger* and *Lohengrin,* I had never occupied myself again with that poem; now its overwhelming possibilities struck me with overwhelming force, and out of my thoughts about Good-Friday I rapidly conceived a whole drama, of which I made a rough sketch with a few dashes of the pen, dividing the whole into three acts.

Now there be those who regard "Parsifal" as a semi-religious rite, to be attended with devotion and reverence once a year. There are those who go to hear it solely for the music, finding it more to their taste than some of the Master's more tempestuous scores. There is also an unregenerate contingent, perhaps not as large as the two groups above mentioned, that insists on regarding "Parsifal" as music-drama pure and simple, and applying therefore the same standards of criticism to it that they would to, let us say, "Tristan" or "Walküre."

Personally we happen to be in the last category and, although we have no intention at this late day of entering into any discussion anent the philosophy, psychology, or theology of Wagner's poem, we do take this opportunity of observing that, to our mind, the greatness of this, his last opera, would seem to rest far more on the purely human element than in its somewhat involved mysticism.

Surely nothing could be more touching than the bewildered boy of the first act, set upon by the fanatical Knights of the Grail for shooting in all innocence the sacred bird, and who, after breaking his bow and following Gurnemanz to the Temple of the Grail, is thrown out for not at once realizing the meaning of the celebration of the Eucharist, which he sees for the first time; the care-free youth of the second act transformed into a man by Kundry's kiss; the almost pagan loveliness of the Good Friday spell, the redemption and death of Kundry—surely in all this it's the human note that grips us, far more than the solemn self-conscious rites of Monsalvat with those lugubrious Knights marching round and round.

Nevertheless, from whatever angle you may have approached this work at the Metropolitan Opera House on Good Friday last, the performance on that occasion gave, or should have given, complete satisfaction. Having been privileged to see many representations of "Parsifal" in various countries during the last twenty years, we have yet to see the opera more exquisitely or sympathetically done. Imperfections there were, of course, but taken as a whole it was so competently and even reverently done that it would be churlish in this case to pick out flaws.

Rudolf Laubenthal as Parsifal

Rudolf Laubenthal as Parsifal gave us by far the finest piece of work he has yet done here, and after his Siegfried of this season that is high praise. Here's a German tenor with a really beautiful voice (which, alas! he often uses badly), a fine presence, young, and good-looking. Added to which he is astonishingly versatile, as is shown by his successful playing of such varied rôles as the happy-go-lucky hero of "The Bartered Bride," Siegfried, and Tristan. Simple and appealing throughout, his Parsifal in the last act had a grave youthful dignity, poignant and very beautiful, while vocally he has never done anything better. Can it be that the Metropolitan has here a very great artist which the majority of the critics have been slow in recognizing?

Gertrude Kappel's interpretation of the baffling rôle of Kundry was beautiful and impressive, her first and last acts being profoundly moving. Her seduction scene of the second act, while vocally inspiring, was not quite so satisfactory from the dramatic point of view, but, as the scene in question suffered throughout from bad stage direction, she cannot be held altogether responsible for failing to attain her usual heights.

Clarence Whitehill was a superb Amfortas and Michael Bohnen's Gurnemanz was the most sympathetic and the least boring we have yet encountered. Mr. Bodanzky conducted a curiously uneven performance, and just why the management saw fit to restore for our delectation that bewhiskered, fly-blown second-act garden set is another one of those apparently insoluble mysteries, but, taken as a whole, the performance was a notable one—one to remain long in the memories of those fortunate enough to have been present on this occasion.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Speedy"

HAROLD LLOYD is more than a man—he's an organization. Skillful as he is and funny in his own right, his success has rested very largely on the sterling abilities of his gag-men, his authors, directors, and photographers, who, over and over again, have crammed into a single Harold Lloyd picture more real fun than can be found in ten average comedies.

"Speedy" is no exception to this happy rule, even though its onrushing sequences lack the total unexpectedness of the earlier Lloyds. Mr.. Lloyd himself is a city feller instead of a boy from the sticks; he takes his girl to Coney instead of wooing her on a rustic bridge, and his manner is flip and self-assured where once it was quite the reverse. But don't let that keep you away.

"Speedy" loses several jobs on account of the things which happen to him, and why he doesn't lose his life, as well, is something you'll have to figure out for yourself. It is our contention that Harold Lloyd and his handy men know more camera tricks to the reel than all the rest of the film-fakers put together. When they want an effect they get it, and they always contrive to make it look blamelessly authentic.

Take, for instance, the scenes in "Speedy" wherein the runaway horse car dashes down Fifth Avenue and under the Washington Arch, or rounds perilously into Fifty-ninth Street. Mr. Lloyd has been doing this sort of thing for so long that there should be innumerable smart Alecks around who can tell you how he does it; but they never seem to know, exactly. This is because, perhaps, the young man has so much imagination in his head and in his camp that he never does anything twice alike.

If you go to see "Speedy," as we heartily recommend that you do, try to remember what other form of comic entertainment you have seen which can truthfully be said to have given you more for your money. You'll end, if we're not mistaken, by handing the grand prize to Harold Lloyd.

"Street Angel"

IT would be a real pleasure to commend a picture with the beauty and glamour of Frank Borzage's "Street Angel," but the story is so vapid, so utterly spurious, that nothing can atone

for it; not even Janet Gaynor, who is without doubt one of the very best actresses the screen has ever had.

"Street Angel" opens with an amusing Italian street scene, and then dissolves into a view of Miss Gaynor, as Angela, agonizing in an attic over her sick mother, who needs medicine immediately. Angela, lacking the 20 lire to buy it, goes onto the streets, with some vague idea of purveying her beauty to passing males. She knows so little of the technique of this oldest of professions that she meets with no success whatever. On the contrary, she is unjustly accused of attempted robbery by one of her prospects and is turned over to the police, whose charges against her impel a judge to sentence her to a year in the workhouse.

She escapes from her guards on the way to this institution and, after a very Douglas Fairbanks chase, reaches her attic residence, to find her mother dead. So she joins a traveling circus and meets Gino, a young artist, who paints a portrait of her and finally takes her away with him when she breaks her ankle in a fall.

They live together (in a nice way, of course—this being a motion picture), and Gino sells the portrait to buy food for them. The purchaser immediately employs another artist to do it over into an old master and resells it at enormous profit to a church, as an early Madonna.

Now Gino gets a commission to do a mural, and he and Angela are about to be married when a policeman recognizes the girl as a fugitive from justice. Right here the picture qualifies for admission to the great company of "Tales from the Never Never Land." It becomes, in the immortal words of Robert Benchley, "one of those things by the Molehill Construction Company."

For Angela never says a word to Gino about the utterly silly charge against her, but goes with the officer and serves a term in the calaboose, leaving her prospective bridegroom ignorant of her whereabouts. So, dunt esk.

He finds her, of course, after her release, but some one has told him of her frightfully salacious past. Outraged at her perfidy, the worthy fellow chases her into a church, with the idea of killing her; but wait! Above the altar hangs his portrait of her—the phony Madonna. At sight of it he melts, and all's well that ends well, even when it doesn't end half soon enough.

Charles Farrell is cast as Gino, and candor compels the statement that he is not at his best. One thing more, and we have done: "O Sole Mio" is played, and whistled, over and over again, on the Movietone.

"The Chaser"

THE position which Harry Langdon has made for himself in the comedy world will not be in any way consolidated by his latest film. The program announces that the picture was directed by Harry Langdon, from a story by Harry Langdon; and, after seeing the result, our advice to Harry Langdon would be that he get himself a new author and a new director. He is funny in many parts of the picture, unfunny in others, vulgar in still more, and badly directed in all of them. Slips will occur in the best-regulated film studios, and we shall set "The Chaser" down as one of them, and let it go at that.

"Skyscraper"

WE found this Pathé-De Mille comedy-drama of big-building construction and friendship and love consistently entertaining and reminiscent, in an entirely legitimate way; of "Two Arabian Knights," whose success it seems in a fair way to duplicate. William Boyd, Alan Hale, and an extremely cute little girl named Sue Carroll have the leading rôles, and all three of them are good.

The comedy scenes are played with an unruffled gravity which is most refreshing, and the dizzy glimpses of a half-finished skyscraper carry more than a single thrill. See it, by all means.

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By W. R. BROOKS

SOME time ago we wrote about a traveling bag, called the Migrator, which is small enough to go under a Pullman seat, yet through an ingenious hanger arranged in the lid will hold a number of frocks without wrinkling, as well as hats, shoes, and all other necessaries—these latter in compartments in the body of the case. This company now makes several other types of case, all made on the same principle. There is an overnight case, fourteen inches long, which will hold two frocks in the lid, a woman's suitcase that will hold four frocks in the lid and differs from the other cases in having no compartments in the body of the case and in being the shape of a regular suitcase instead of square. There is a man's suitcase also which seems very practical. A dress suit or extra suit can be packed in the lid and is held there so firmly by the hanger and straps that it won't get at all mussed. There are also compartments for shoes, shirts, ties, and so on. The Migrator trunk is a small square trunk that one man can carry by the top handle, yet it holds an amazing amount of stuff. If your vacation plans include new luggage, we advise you to look at these Migrators before you decide.

The same company makes a wardrobe trunk which, instead of being split longitudinally, has a door on one side which gives direct access to the compartment where the clothing is hung on hangers. The drawers are in the same relative position as they are in the usual wardrobe trunk, but are reached by a separate door. The result is that you can open this trunk without tearing the rugs to pieces or spraining your ankle. Also, you can stand it in a corner of a closet instead of out in the middle of the room, and still have everything in it readily accessible.

An extremely light suitcase was among this luggage. It is made of a very light, tough birch veneer which has to be specially imported—a veneer that is used for airplanes, and is covered with lacquered linen. We believe that the kind gentleman who showed it to us said that it weighed only 3 pounds 10 ounces—which is about half of what the ordinary suitcase that size weighs.

Luggage for plane travelers—let us amend that to airplane travelers, in case you are reading this thrilling page aloud to the family—is beginning to be advertised in the public prints. We have seen several such advertisements and displays, though we have been unable to discover that the luggage thus offered differs in any way from ordinary luggage. Just what can a manufacturer do to so adapt luggage to flying that people who travel by air will want to buy special luggage to accompany them? How about equipping suitcases with little parachutes, so that if they fall out no bottles will be broken?

Which reminds us of a suitcase we once saw that seemed very practical to us. It was equipped with two little rubber-tired wheels which folded up against the side of the suitcase when not in use. When you carried the case, it simply rested on the wheels and you could trundle it along beside you comfortably for miles without fatigue. But of course it looked funny. The only person we ever knew who was courageous enough to carry one was an old lady—one of that older generation whom we hear so frequently criticised for their timidity and lack of originality.

IF you like to read in bed, or if the reading lights in your home are so arranged that you have to sit always in one position to get the proper illumination on your book, there is a contraption called the Booklite which might interest you. It is a little shaded light weighing only 3½ ounces which clips to the cover of your book and throws light directly on the page. All you do is plug it into a light socket and start Chapter I. For a traveling man, or one who has to spend a good many nights in hotels, we should think such a lamp would be a great help. Reading in bed is practically impossible in many hotel bedrooms. We thought at one time of getting one of those little lamps that miners wear in their hats, but this is better.

WE have seen some nice modernistic rugs for summer made of grass fiber. The designs are colorful and bold, yet not so bizarre as to refuse to harmonize with your furniture. They are the only inexpensive rugs we have seen of this kind.

Another little rug which has a definite place is a half-circle Holland rush mat. It would go nicely under a little table that stands against the wall.

THE wind has been blowing hard today, and the windows rattled so early this morning that we had to rise from dreams of thee to wedge them tight with matches and bits of cardboard, and then we remembered a set of six little rubber wedges that we saw quite a long time ago in a store. They are made for just that purpose, and we are going out presently and buy some.

Another thing we saw at the same time was a stand to hold a watch on a bedside table. It is adjustable so that it will hold any size watch at an angle from which it can easily be seen with half an eye from a recumbent position.

IF you do your own housecleaning, there is a very handy cleaning mat which will insure you against housemaid's knee—if we are correct in our assumption about that malady. It—the mat, not the malady—is soft and well padded, is made of rush, and has a waterproof bottom.

A companion piece is the fiber dishpan, which is cream-colored with gold bands, and will lessen the danger of china breakage in the kitchen.

And have you seen any Aranium? It is a non-tarnishable chromium plate which looks like silver, and which is being used for bread-trays and toasters and electric coffee percolators and such. We thought it nice looking.

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Tell Me a Story

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Luxor Price

HIS father told little Luxor Price this story as spun for him by Great-Uncle David, the gallant Major Price, a remarkable military gentleman, who, upon being forced from active service by the loss of an arm, proceeded to become an authority on Persia, and later wrote the first ponderous history of the Mohammedan Empire, a standard for many years.

As for his great-great-nephew, Luxor Price himself, he began drawing by chance for his own small boy, who still remains his inspiration and his fiercest critic. For his first professional attempt he was refused five dollars, for his second he received thirty, for his third three hundred, and for his fourth fifteen hundred dollars! So he threw up everything for art, since when he has published a delightful pictured panorama of American history, drawn bit by bit for his small boy, a fantastic book, "The Quoks," and numerous illustrations, some of which have appeared on this page.

How Ma Kangaroo Got a Prop

As remembered by Luxor Price

THE very first white man to land in Australia was the famous Captain Cook, and the very first person he ran into was Boomerang Black Man. After they had passed the time of day, the Captain looked about and saw a strange creature leaping by. Its front paws were quite short, its hind paws were simply e-nor-mous, and its tail was very, very, very long.

"What on earth," cried Captain Cook, "do you call *that?*"

"Kangaroo?" asked Boomerang Black Man politely, wrinkling his black forehead.

Now in his language he meant, "What you say?" but Captain Cook didn't understand Boomerang talk, so he turned his ship right around and sailed back to Europe and said to everybody: "Say, you know that new country, Australia? Well, there are kangaroos there."

And everybody said: "Oh, indeed? Kangaroos? How interesting!" and then they went about telling all their friends, until finally the news leaked into the school geographies, and now everybody knows about kangaroos.

But if Captain Cook had just waited he would have discovered that he had seen only an up-to-date kangaroo and that the first one was a very different creature, which Boomerang Black Man called "Wallabz"—short, I imagine, for "Wobbly."

Her legs were four silly little stumps and her tail—well, her tail was scarcely worth mentioning, except out of politeness. But since Ma Kangaroo knew no better, she thought herself quite handsome.

Until one day she happened to see Boomerang Black Man. And he was walking straight up and down on his hind paws. Ma Kangaroo had never seen such a sight.

"Hm-m!" she thought, and tried to do the same. But she only fell on her silly nose and bumped the back of her head till she saw kangaroo stars, and the harder she tried to stand on her stumpy hind legs, the more she fell every which way.

Boomerang Black Man stopped walking on his hind paws and began to laugh.

"Wallabz," he grinned. So you see he must have meant "Wobbly."

Now that made Ma furious, especially as she knew how silly she must look, but presently she had an idea.

"I'll just grow me some hind paws like Boomerang Black Man's," she decided. "And while I'm about it, I might as well grow good big ones."

So she did. The new hind paws were a great improvement, but her arrangements weren't perfect yet. For she found that with her tiny stumps of legs and e-nor-mous feet, she could only shuffle along like a little man in a big man's shoes, and when Baby Kangaroo propped himself against Mother's knee to bask in the sun, over Ma sprawled on her back in a most undignified manner.

"I must grow me long legs to match my big feet," she decided.

So he did, and that was fine, for now she could not only walk straight up and down like Boomerang Black Man, but skip and leap as well. But just the same, when Baby Kangaroo leaned against her knees to bask in the sun, if he so much as slapped a fly or scratched his head, over Ma toppled backwards in a sprawling heap. That made her cross, so she boxed the baby's ears so the baby cried and it was all very dreadful. Still Ma couldn't think of a thing to do.

But one day she saw Boomerang Black Man come out of his little house built on stilts and sit down and lean his back against the front door. Suddenly over tipped the house, and Boomerang Black Man went sprawling on his back.

"Ha ha!" laughed Ma Kangaroo. "Wallabz! Wallabz yourself!" and she chuckled a loud kangaroo chuckle.

Boomerang Black Man was furious, but he pretended not to hear, and only picked himself up, very dignified, set up his house-on-stilts again, and sat down, leaning his back against the front door.

But while Ma watched suddenly overtipped the house and Boomerang Black Man lay sprawling on his back again.

"Ha, ha!" shrieked Ma Kangaroo. "Wallabz! Wallabz yourself!"

But Boomerang Black Man was pretty smart, so he scratched his wool and sat thinking so long that Ma almost went home. Presently he got up, and came back with a long pole. Setting up his house-on-stilts once more, he propped it at the back with the pole, sat down, and boldly leaned against the front door.

Ma Kangaroo waited, all ready to laugh, for, being a woman, and a kangaroo woman at that, she didn't quite understand what he had done. But nothing happened. The house-on-stilts did not tip over, the pole held fast, and Boomerang Black Man sat back as comfy and proud as you please.

Suddenly Ma Kangaroo had a bright

(*Please turn to continuation, page 680*)

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Taking the Tariff Out of Politics

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

BY upholding the constitutionality of the flexible provisions of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act of 1922 the Supreme Court has passed the buck to Congress. The courts have failed to annul these unfortunate provisions as illegal, so it is up to our legislators to abolish them as unworkable.

The flexible tariff provisions (Section 315 of the Fordney-McCumber Act) instruct the President to increase or decrease by not more than fifty per cent the tariff on any dutiable article when such a revision would meet "foreign and domestic cost differences," considering also "any other advantages or disadvantages in competition." In other words, it is his job to see that it costs a foreign seller no more and no less than his American competitor to place goods in the domestic market. The President makes his decisions with the aid of the advice of the Tariff Commission, but he is not bound to follow their recommendations. From his decrees there is no appeal.

Ever since these measures were proposed first they obviously were open to the grave objection that they violated the spirit if not the letter of our theory of constitution. They delegated to the Executive a power of taxation that should normally be exercised by the legislative branch. They gave the President a control over the collection of revenue greater than that possessed by any executive in any other modern democracy. They gave him the power to tax industries out of existence and put him in a position where he could, by raising or lowering customs duties, force Congress to rearrange its other taxation schedules.

It is almost inconceivable that a President should so abuse the authority, but, even in the wisest hands, this authority to revise customs duties by decree is a constant threat to the stability of any industry to which imports are of vital importance. And this includes not only importers but their competitors. The former might be ruined by a sudden increase in rates, the latter by a sudden decline. Either could adjust themselves to almost any situation, provided they knew that it was to be permanent. The uncertainty is what hurts them both. Professor F. W. Taussig, one of the great modern economists and a former chairman of the Tariff Commission, has stated emphatically that business operates more efficiently under tariff rates that are settled once and for all. It would be no great exaggeration to say that the country would do better under a badly drawn schedule that was permanent than under changing ones that were much fairer.

Most of the proponents of the flexible provisions admitted these objections, but they insisted, nevertheless, that "taking the tariff out of politics" and the laying down of scientific formulæ for rate revisions were aims worthy of great sacrifice.

The experience of the last six years has proved definitely, first, that it is impossible to get the tariff out of politics, and, second, that tariff-making by formula is an impossibility.

Live bob-white quail, paint-brush handles, mill-feed, and cresylic acid are the only imports which have ever received the benefit of lowered rates under the flexible provisions. On the other hand, the rates on seventeen articles have been raised. The duty on pig iron was boosted fifty per cent, and there have been other important upward revisions. It is hard to escape the conclusion that the preponderance of increases over decreases has been due to the fact that the President and the majority members of the Tariff Commission, during most of the time since the enactment of the Fordney-McCumber Act, have been members of an avowedly protectionist political party. They have taken reasonable care to make sure that it cost no less to put foreign than American goods in this market, but they have been considerably less zealous in fulfilling their duty to see that it cost no more. Under a Democratic régime the decreases in duty would undoubtedly have outnumbered the increases.

Perhaps the most flagrant example of the influence of politics came in 1924 when the Tariff Commission recommended to the President that the rates on sugar be lowered to the point where they would save American consumers more than $45,000,000 a year. After a long delay, President Coolidge made an order directly opposite to what his own

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experts had advised, probably because sixteen normally Republican States are producers of beet sugar.

Wrangles within the Commission which have become public have demonstrated vividly what economists knew already, namely, that no truly scientific method of determining cost is known or can be invented. Sheep, for instance, produce both wool and mutton. The most astute student of economics and live stock could never determine scientifically what percentage of the cost of raising sheep should be charged to wool and what to mutton. The same difficulties apply in the case of nearly all joint and by products. Any allocation of costs must be purely arbitrary.

Even if there were an accurate formula for the determination of costs, the Commission could not gather all the facts necessary for its application. In this country, the physical difficulties alone would be insuperable. To ascertain the average cost of producing a ton of steel would require weeks of study and investigation. It would be unwise to take the figures of the manufacturers themselves. The temptation to pad their cost accounts would, in many cases, be irresistible.

Abroad, the same physical limitations are present, magnified by the not unnatural unwillingness of manufacturers to open their books and their plants to the agents of an American commission.

These practical objections should appeal as strongly to the die-hard protectionist as to the free-trader. Many moderates protest further that the flexible provisions can be more rigidly exclusive than any act ever framed by Congress. They reason that a duty which bridges the gap between American and foreign costs of production destroys any incentive to ship foreign goods here. The theory of equalization, applied perfectly, would make all imports unprofitable.

Until the elections are over, the chances of the repeal of Section 315 are slim. Neither party wants to make it an issue. Political experts believe, though, that the flexible provisions are sure to go within the next year or two. The Democrats are solidly opposed to them, and a good many Republicans dislike the squabbles which they have precipitated in the Tariff Commission and the consequent damage to the President's prestige. The animadversions delivered by Commissioner Edward P. Costigan at the time of his resignation made Administration leaders squirm.

It is unfortunate that the tariff cannot be taken out of politics and that scientific revision of duties is impossible, but Congress, if it has learned these facts, is to be congratulated.

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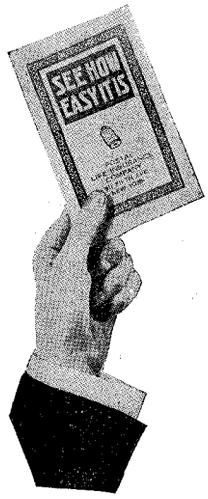

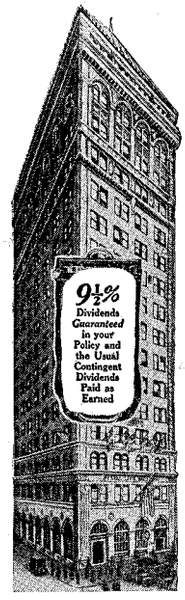

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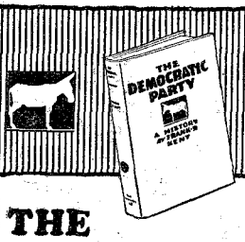

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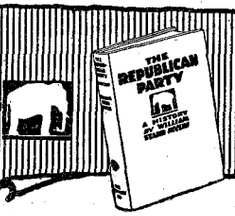

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney.
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"The Bridge at San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautiful and moving study of the working of God's providence, of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, have a delight in store. We find it even better on second reading. Reviewed January 4.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Some old names appear, and there is at least one very engaging character. Reviewed March 7.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. That odious society detective, Vance, is at work again, this time on a case too complicated and incredible for our taste. But Van Dine enthusiasts are devouring it and smacking their lips.

"Debonair," by G. B. Stern; A. A. Knopf. Reviewed in this issue.

"That Bright Heat," by George O'Neil. Boni & Liveright. This typical poet's novel is an interesting study of the passion and frustration of the inarticulate artist. It recreates vividly a lost American scene—St. Louis in the eighties. Reviewed last week.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. The reading of this report of some aspects of Indian society should be followed by fair-minded readers with that of some of the Indian replies to it. Reviewed June 22.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This, "the first successful attempt of drama to use the double voice," to carry on at once objective action and comment and subjective thought made audible, is a theft by the dramatist of some of the novelist's best thunder. The play is as good to read as to see; perhaps better for students of modern drama. Reviewed by Francis R. Bellamy in "Lights Down," February 22.

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, and more or less reliable information. Reviewed November 16.

"Safari," by Martin Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This is made from the diary of four years spent in Africa, on the edge of the greatest remaining paradise of wild animals. The story is always interesting, often exciting. And the pictures, taken by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, are wonderful—lions, elephants, 'nevrything.

"DEBONAIR" (see list). A girl honestly typical of the generation called younger; her "hen" mother, maddening, admirable, touching, and foolish; a man (shadowy, as are the male characters of most women novelists), and his altogether abominable mother, emerge from a press of lesser people as the leading figures of this entertaining novel. The Persephone myth serves as symbolism for the story. Persephone is the debonair heroine who forsakes her mother for periodical descents into the hell of her various escapades—a cold hell of physical excitement and mental fireworks. On one of her trips she meets a man who has built an altar to his mother. Persephone will not worship at this shrine. At the risk of losing her man, she maintains her forthright honesty. When the mean clay from which her lover has made his idol becomes too evident, he throws away his elaborately organized cult and, with Persephone, leaves the kingdom of Dis. Demeter recovers her child, and spring can come once more. The ways of mothers and daughters are always the same. The mother of sons may cherish the dream that she has borne the new Messiah. To the mother of daughters God has given other consolation: "Daughters of her own one day—cease to be enemies—blossom and fruit, seed and blossom—suffer and understand—and then—honest friends, mother and mother."

G. B. Stern's great talent is for the creation of character. There is not one line missing or faulty in the drawing of Mrs. Trevelyan (Demeter), or in that, for an instance among minor characters, of Serge, with his "ermine and scepter" past. And in such scenes as Cousin Augusta's death-bed and the house party at the villa there is verisimilitude. But for all its realistic idiom, G. B. Stern's world is romantic—fiction at once more exciting and more satisfying than fact. Her manner of writing is too bright and overburdened with acute asides for this reviewer's taste. But underneath the brilliant and diverting surface of "Debonair" lie what are known as good plain truths.

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Five Biographies

By RUTH SUCKOW

"Jane Welsh and Jane Carlyle," by Elizabeth Drew. Harcourt, Brace & Co.
"Portrait of Lady Mary Montagu," by Iris Barry. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
"The Skull of Swift," by Shane Leslie. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
"Barrie," by Thomas Moult. Charles Scribner's Sons.
"William Makepeace Thackeray," by Lewis Melville. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

The art of biography within the last ten years has been enriched with a variety of aim and method of which the older craftsmen never dreamed. Within this new group of five literary portraits of literary people nearly every phase of that new variety is utilized, except for two types that can be joyfully omitted—the display of the smart biographer at the expense of the biographee, and the turning of a clincal but wholly supposititious key in the helpless heart of the dead victim.

Of the five, I find Miss Drew's study of "Jane Welsh and Jane Carlyle" the most excellent. It is well organized, well written, discerning, and yet so easily unpretentious that it makes the elaborate efforts at "portraiture" of some of the others sound very much like big bow-bow stuff. It refuses to step beyond the proved facts; but it goes over those sorry old scandals that have distorted the story of the two Carlyles with a sanity, sympathy, and detachment that make *them* sound very much like bow-bow stuff, too. And the portrait is accomplished. Jane Carlyle appears in all her fascinations and exceeding exasperations; and, better than that, the story of Jane and Thomas is lifted out of the scandal where it has long festered into the rich humanity where it belongs, while those two little people who caused the trouble, Geraldine Jewsbury and James Anthony Froude, are gently but quite firmly set back in the two little corners which are their real places in the story.

After this, the story of Lady Mary Montagu is rather artificial reading. To read her strategic notes to the prudent Edward—for it would be absurd to term these documents love letters—after Jane's impassioned although often pitifully indiscreet correspondence is like trying to get interested in "Vogue" just after finishing "The Old Wives' Tale." Jane loved Thomas Carlyle, and Lady Mary tried to get a presentable husband—and yet, in the end, the eighteenth-century fashionable lady bears one palm away from the Victorian wife. I do not think that the author at all proves her statement that Lady Mary Montagu was "a very great woman;" but she was a notable woman, and an independent one—something that Jane Welsh was perhaps meant to be, but that Mrs. Thomas

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Carlyle never quite achieved. Miss Barry, however, loses some of the effect of validity in her portrait by that too prevalent modern mixture of novel writing and biographical writing which makes easy but somewhat spurious reading and fails to comprehend the essential basis of either form.

Mr. Leslie tries, I fear, to commit the same error; but he becomes so interested in his researches into the strange history of Dean Swift that he fortunately forgets to create a situation and an atmosphere. Then we get some real writing. Stranger history than that of even the Carlyles, and more impenetrably shrouded in the irrevocable mystery of the past! After quarreling with the keymen biographers, it is perhaps ungracious to blame Mr. Leslie for *not* wielding a key—and yet I must. Or perhaps he is too easily satisfied with a mystic and somewhat sectarian key; for he seems to content himself with declaring that the great Dean had "no soul," and that this queer omission on the part of the Creator, not some tragic human error on the part of the Dean, was the cause of the bitter futility of the outcome of one of the strangest triangles in history. It is difficult for a present-day reader not of Mr. Leslie's spiritual bias to remain satisfied with that. For this reason, Mr. Leslie's literary diagnosis of the mind of the gloomiest of Deans adds nothing of importance to a human comprehension of either the Dean or Stella or Vanessa. But it is swiftly, in places delightfully, written, and is in itself an interesting commentary on the ease with which one type of man can make a monster of another type whom he fails to understand.

Mr. Moult's little study of Barrie is almost wholly literary. It needs a little judicious salt-sprinkling, I think, and it is not so much illuminating as appreciative. In fact, it is written by an appreciator for other appreciators. Since I do, to some extent, belong to that company, I enjoyed it. But it leaves me wishing, as everything does written either by or about Sir James Matthew Barrie, that some just soul would write a sketch of the daughter of Margaret Ogilvie.

So far as Mr. Lewis Melville is concerned, not a single biography might have been written since the seventies. His big volume treats of his hero in the good old way, with anecdotes, extracts from letters, and careful notation of dates. What gave the big-hearted and overflowingly emotional Victorian his bent toward social satire, what made him see goodness only in the slightly imbecile, with distrust of the intellect which he himself so splendidly possessed, what caused him to be—as his fierce but appreciative little critic Charlotte Brontë so truthfully said—"unjust to women—quite unjust," is not Mr. Melville's to question why. Old Thackeray fans will like to read over this book, but other readers will be lost.

Who Knifed Mr. Peters?

By HERBERT ASBURY

"Tracks in the Snow," by Lord Charnwood. Lincoln McVeagh, the Dial Press.

The publication of a detective novel by Lord Charnwood, the distinguished biographer of Abraham Lincoln, is literary news of exceptional interest; to use a famous journalistic expression, it is a case of the man biting the dog. Many famous personages who have won renown by their serious contributions to science and the arts are omnivorous readers of such tales, finding mental relief in wandering through the devious byways of plot and clue, but few have ever attempted to write them. And when they have, the results have seldom been happy, for writing a detective story is not so easy as it sounds; on the contrary, it is something to be approached with prayer and fasting. The world fairly swarms with keen-eyed readers waiting to pick a detective or mystery story to pieces and contemptuously expose its improbabilities.

Perhaps the last person from whom such a book as "Tracks in the Snow" might be expected is Lord Charnwood, for his serious works long since established him as an author blessed with literary gifts of a high order. But here it is, and, moreover, it is a good one; perhaps not so thrilling as some, but certainly much better written than most, and telling a story of sufficient complexity to satisfy even the exacting taste of the mystery-novel addict, who craves action and suspense and is little concerned with literary craftsmanship or the niceties of style and phraseology.

Lord Charnwood's story follows the standard formula: on page one the estimable Eustace Peters is done to death with a knife thrust between the ribs, and thereafter for almost three hundred pages his friend Dr. Driver, rector of the parish of Long Wilton, follows the winding trail of the murderer with great skill, hurdling the apparently insurmountable obstacles of false clues with which the skilled mystery-story writer clogs the pursuit, and arriving at last to well-deserved triumph. It is no reflection upon Lord Charnwood's gifts as a detective-story author to say that he employs the comparatively simple method of having Dr. Driver tell the tale in the first person, for it is always effective when carefully and skillfully done. Moreover, he has made the young rector an appealing and likable figure, and one becomes tremendously interested in him and in his search for the dastard who knifed Mr. Peters. In this, as in other characterizations, Lord Charnwood's experience as a biographer has stood him in good stead; the people who move swiftly through his pages are sharper and more clearly outlined than is ordinarily the case in detective yarns.

The entire action of the book takes place in England, chiefly in the parish where the murder was committed and in which dwell the principal characters—Dr. Driver; Mr. Callaghan, the Irishman of uncertain disposition; Trethewy, the gardener, whose appetite for liquor is prodigious; and the extraordinary Mr. Vane-Cartwright, who under Lord Charnwood's manipulation becomes a fearsomely sinister figure. But the motivating influences are to be found in sundry evil doings in the East Indies, all of which transpires many years before the crime in Long Wilton parish.

Vane-Cartwright, of course, committed the murder, but the how and the why, and the manner in which he is eventually confounded by the rector and brought to justice, combine to make one of the best detective stories of the season.

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Essex-on-Lake Champlain, offers to families of refinement at very moderate rates the attractions of a beautiful lake shore in a locality with a remarkable record for healthfulness. The club affords an excellent plain table and accommodation with rooms or individual camps. The boating is safe, there are attractive walks and drives to points of interest in the Adirondacks, good tennis courts, and opportunities for golf. References required. For information relative to board and lodging address Miss MARGARET FULLER, Club Mgr., 2273 Woolworth Bldg., New York.

For particulars regarding **cottage rentals** write JOHN B. BURNHAM, 233 B'way, New York.

Interbrook Lodge AND COTTAGES
KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.
Located on hill in spruces and pines, 1,500 ft. elevation, one mile from and 500 ft. above village on trail to Mt. Marcy. Dancing, tennis, bathing, fishing, mountain climbing. Golf course 4 miles. Best moderate-priced hotel in mountains. Fresh vegetables. State certified Ayrshire herd. Write for booklet.
B. O. TRYON & SON.

TAMARACK INN
Keene Valley, N. Y.
Modern improvements. Own dairy and vegetables. Accom. 35. Booklet. GEO. R. DIEBLE.

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Ave., **Buffalo, N.Y.** Superior accommodations: famous for good food. Write direct or Outlook's Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

Vermont

Chester, Vt. THE MAPLES Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large airy rooms, pure water; bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. References exchanged. **The Misses Sargeant.**

Berthmont
Near Mt. Mansfield, Vermont
Fresh air, good food, pure water.
Board by the week, $15 to $18.
Mrs. BERTHA MONTAGUE, Underhill, Vt.

Virginia

Quiet, Comfortable Home
For invalids and elderly ladies. MISS HEIST, 444 North Braddock St., Winchester, Va.

Washington

The **CAMLIN**, Seattle's most distinguished hotel. Smartly correct in guest facilities and service at sensibly moderate rates. Illus. brochure on request. H. L. BLANCHER, Mgr.

Wyoming

KLONDIKE RANCH
Offers you a wonderful summer of Western ranch life. Illustrated booklet sent on request. Address Klondike Ranch, Buffalo, Wyo.

A GREAT VACATION
Trapper Lodge, Sixteen-Bar-One Ranch
Shell, Big Horn Co., Wyoming
In Big Horn Mountain cow country. Horseback riding, lake and stream fishing. Our garden and dairy herd supply our table. A complete mountain-top camp maintained. For reservations write GAY WYMAN, Mgr.

Apartments

Five-room apartment, tastefully furnished. Flatbush section of Brooklyn; subway and trolley service; 35 minutes from Times Square. Adults; June–October. DOGGETT, 360 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For Real Estate and other Classified Advertising see four following pages

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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1 More Real Estate Section May 30

Third

SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION

What to Buy—Where to Buy

HOMES—ESTATES—FARMS—RANCHES—REAL PROPERTY

FOR SALE, RENT, OR LEASE

Copy for Next Section due on or before May 18

DO YOU WANT TO
Buy or Lease

a 17th, 18th, 19th or 20th century house at the seashore, mountains or country, a gentleman farm or village property in Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont or New Hampshire?

We offer our lists and services

Wm. C. Codman & Son
Realtors
Established 1872 15 State St., Boston

FOR RENT—Furnished Bungalow and 5 acres in mountains of Jamaica. Delightful cool climate, sea view, garage. Service and living cheap. G. Russell, Ancon Hospital, C.Z.

Canada

Georgian Bay, Ontario near Parry Sound. 66 acres ideal fishing and shooting lands. High, nicely wooded. Over 3,000 ft. lake-front. Would make 150 summer lots. Only $10 an acre. Terms. A wonderful buy. **G. Fairfield, Box 301, Hamilton, Ontario, Can.**

Italy

PIEDMONT, ITALY
Waldensian Valleys, near Turin
For sale or to rent, with option of buying, charming villa. 15 furnished rooms, all modern improvements. Magnificent views. Address **Dr. Rocchi, No. 7 Giuseppe Ferrari, Como, Italy**

California

Sale or Lease, Belvedere Sorrento-like, garden suburb San Francisco. Golf, boating. Furnished house, 9 rooms, 2 baths, glassed porch, big garden, bay frontage. Bank refs. T. D. Parker, Belvedere, Cal.

Connecticut

HAMPTON, Conn. For sale, "Fairview Farm" estate. Ideal home, 9 rooms and bath, remodeled. 116 acres, several acres pond. Fishing, boating, bathing, and hunting. One of the most charming spots of New England, between Providence and Hartford. Must sacrifice at once for $7,000. Hampton Studio, Hampton, Conn.

New Canaan, Conn.
For rent for summer, comfortable home, one mile from village on high ridge. 10 rooms, 2 baths, 2-car garage. 5 acres, including lawns and fine trees. Address Box 14, New Canaan, Conn. Immediately.

FOR SALE
NEW LONDON, CONN.
Place Formerly Owned by Richard Mansfield

Opportunity for subdividing into small building lots. Trolley line foot of grounds. House could be used for small apartments. Address Mrs. SACKETT, 96 Glenwood Ave.

For Sale Shore Lots on Niantic River, Conn. Deep water. 1 mi. from mouth. Lots 75 ft. wide, $750 and up according to location. Address M. R. Tank, 7 Fairview Ave., Chatham, N.Y.

FOR SALE
At NORFOLK, CONN.
Summer Residence, Fully Furnished

Small eighteenth-century farmhouse, thoroughly renovated, modern plumbing, electric lights, and telephone, and complete screening; 11 rooms, 2 baths; and coat-room with toilet and lavatory; butler's pantry; large kitchen with excellent range; kitchen pantry and wood and coal shed adjoining; barn and motor shed; independent water supply, ample for several houses. Tract of about 300 acres, with several available sightly building plots; altitude 1,500 ft.; over two-thirds mile frontage on Litchfield Road; two miles from village green. Address **H. A. Cushing, 43 Cedar St., New York**

Connecticut

Yachtsmen Take Notice
An opportunity is offered to buy land on Connecticut shore (absolute water-front) where there is a landlocked bay with six to twelve feet of water at low tide, less than 500 feet from open Sound. There is no better or more convenient anchorage. The shores are sandy, and water clean and uncontaminated. This property is in the town of Darien, one mile east of Stamford town line, six minutes by motor to Darien station, ten minutes by motor to Stamford station. The land is divided in parcels of one-quarter of an acre up, has good roads, town improvements, and is available for year round, prices are reasonable. **Reed Haviland, South Norwalk, Conn. Phone Norwalk 2424**

REDDING RIDGE, CONN.
2 unusually attractive bungalows. 40 minutes from Bridgeport, on State road. Electric lights, bath, pure running water. Near church, school and post office. 50 per cent mortgage. CHARLES W. SHELTON, Phone 11-5.

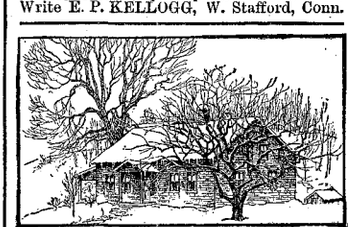
ROWAYTON, CONN.
For Sale to Close Estate
House, 18 rooms (near harbor), on 200x220 ft. lot, handsome foliage, large barn. One hour from New York. Also 4½ acres of woodland for sale, suitable for development. Tel. 5252 Norwalk. Write Box 71, Rowayton, Conn.

Sound, Rowayton, River For Sale Modern all-year cottage, 5 rooms, bath, electricity, 2½ acres finely landscaped. Pine grove, roses, greenhouse, barn. Grape-vines. 200 yds. to harbor and trolleys. Adapted for development. 1 hr. to N. Y. Plaza 0739. 39 E. 50th St., N. Y.

Salisbury, Conn. For rent, 8-room furnished house, on beautiful village street. 5 bedrooms, bath each floor, fireplace, furnace, electricity. Two-minute walk library, churches, hotel, P. O. Within three miles Hotchkiss and Salisbury Schools. P. O. Box 215, Salisbury, Conn.

Connecticut Farm, 225 Acres
in the foothills of the Berkshires at Sharon, on Harlem Division. 140 acres in crops, 35 in woodland, orchard of over 300 apple trees. Colonial house, 14 rooms, 2 baths, furnace, all in excellent condition; barns in good repair; artesian well water, herd of pure-bred Angus cattle, horses; tractors, tools, etc., to be sold with this up-to-date farm. Further particulars from **L. M. Taylor, 2 Lafayette St., N.Y.C.**

For Sale Small Farm, 11-room House with modern comforts, among the hills and cool breezes. A very restful, quiet place. Choice fruit. Write E. P. KELLOGG, W. Stafford, Conn.



For Sale, Colonial Farmhouse Built in 1817, recently renovated. 7 rooms, bath, deep well with electric pump; large barn with running water and electricity, equipped for 400 pullets. 60 acres, mostly woodland. Situated on hill, 700 ft. elevation. Delightful neighbors. On State road. Bus line to Hartford and Springfield. Price $10,000. H. H. ENGLISH, West Willington, Conn.

FOR SALE In Colonial Windham, farm of 40 acres, 9-room dwelling, houses for 2,000 chickens, apple orchard of 50 trees; price $10,000, including 600 hens and farm tools. Mrs. W. A. RAYMOLD, R. F. D. 2, Willimantic, Conn.

AT WILTON, CONN.
For sale, 60 acres, wooded hills and lake, wonderful country, old house and pegframe barn to remodel. Real bargain for immediate sale, only $16,500, terms arranged. **F. J. Moeller, 38 Wall St., Norwalk, Conn.**

Florida

FOR SALE FLORIDA HOME
New. Electrically equipped throughout. Furnished or unfurnished, at half price, by June. Also North Carolina mountain home, or would rent same. **Box M., Cocoa, Fla.**

Florida

FLORIDA
(The Sunshine State)

At Deleon Springs is the Fountain of Youth

OFFERINGS

Two beautiful modern houses.
Four excellent orange groves.
Desirable building lots.
Several large tracts.

All essential conveniences and pleasures.

For particulars write

FRED. N. BURT, Owner, Deleon Springs, Fla.

MID-OCEAN HOTEL SITE
KEY WEST, FLA.
53,000 ft. cleared high land, 200 ft. frontage directly on ocean and same on newly opened Over-Sea Highway, 162 miles south of Miami. Full riparian rights permit doubling area. Two miles from Key West Country Club house and links; seven miles from business heart of city. Ideal site facing Gulf Stream for restful hotel to relieve pressing demand due to inauguration of road to mainland January 25 last. Owner holds free and clear. F. W. LOVERING, Medford 56, Boston, Mass.

FILLING STATION SITE
Opening of new Over-Sea Highway, connecting Key West, Fla., with every door in North America, raised gasoline consumption over 30% in February in Key West. Owner holds free and clear filling station site containing 62,500 sq. ft. on double corner of Over-Sea Highway, one mile from Key West Country Club, six miles from business heart of city. Address as above.

Maine

COUNTRY ESTATE, 40 Acres In picturesque Maine village, on beautiful Narramissic River near lakes and ocean. A. M. BUCK, Augusta, Me.

TO RENT
Bailey Island, Maine
House, beautifully situated, facing ocean. Large living-room, dining-room, 4 bedrooms, maid's room. Grand piano. On private road, 12 acres woodland. Motor highway to mainland. Owner going abroad. Details. F. I. NEILL, 1 W. 64th St., New York City.

To Rent Vicinity of Bar Harbor, Cottage. 6 sleeping-rooms, 2 baths. Garage, flower gardens, woods. Splendid water and mountain views. Easy of access by motor or train. 9,199, Outlook.

MAINE SUMMER HOMES
Lake, coast or country. All prices. State your wants. ORRIN J. DICKEY, Belfast, Me.

For Rent At Fortune Rocks, Biddeford, Me. 2 modern cottages, beautifully situated; facing ocean. Fully equipped for modern housekeeping, electric light, city water, garage. Also small furnished camp for 3. **Miss Esther W. Smith, Andover, Mass.**

Camden, Me. For Sale or to Rent furnished summer cottage, with shore-front, 1½ acres of land; 12 rooms, 3 baths, screened and open porches. Garage. For further particulars address H. P. DRAKE, Bath, Me.

For July Rental—At Beautiful
CHRISTMAS COVE, ME.
7-room cottage, completely furnished. Ocean and cove views from piazzas, rowboat. Supplies available. Glad to give full particulars. Please state number in family. 9,491, Outlook.

FOR RENT
At Christmas Cove
6-room cottage. Porch, piano, electricity, artesian water. Garage. $300. **John H. Strong, 4 Larchmont Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.**

Maine

FOR RENT
Point Ripley, Harrington, Me.
Furnished cottage, 10 large airy rooms, porches, fireplace. Close to shore. Ocean view. Evergreen grove. $180 for season. **Miss Grace P. Nash, Box 95, Harrington, Me.**

To Rent **HERRICKS, ME.**
7-room furnished bungalow. Bath, fireplace, veranda, garage. Excellent view. Address **Miss Elsie F. Packer, 22 Girard Ave., Hartford, Conn.**

Islesford Opposite Seal Harbor, Maine. For sale or to rent, from June 15 to September 15, "Tree Top," fully furnished cottage. 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms and lavatory. Excellent water supply. Magnificent view of Mt. Desert range and ocean. V. Y. B., 506 Beacon St., Boston.

OGUNQUIT, MAINE
For rent, furnished cottages, modern in every way. For particulars, EDWIN S. WARE, Ogunquit, Me.

FOR RENT **Peaks Island, Casco Bay, Me.**
7-room cottage completely furnished. 4 bedrooms, bath, fireplace. Beautiful view. Short walk to ocean. Also 6-room cottage, bath, 3 bedrooms. Rent reasonable. Address **EVERETT SKILLINGS, Middlebury, Vt.**

FURNISHED seashore cottages, Pemaquid, Me. $75 to $350 season. Tennis, golf. EVA WHITEHOUSE, 141 W. 72d St., N. Y. C. Tel. Susquehanna 2743.

To Rent Pemaquid Harbor, Me. Furnished 8-room house with bath. Garage attached. Excellent view of ocean. Bathing beach. 2 acres land. Photos. For season $275. Apply to WESLEY MAHAN.

PEMAQUID HARBOR, ME.
To Let—Among the Pines on the Ocean—Six-room bungalow. Fireplace, bathroom. J. B. FIELDING, 10 Wade St., Brighton, Mass.

Pemaquid Harbor, Me. Coast To Let for Season Cottage, 6 rooms and bath, fireplace; sea view. **A. E. Barbour, Augusta, Me.**

TO rent, furnished house, 19 rooms, bath, fireplace, piano, Ample grounds, seashore, country. $400 for season. Information, photo. M. BAKER, Pemaquid Harbor, Me.

Portland, Me. For rent from June through September, beautiful colonial home, residential part of city. 10 rooms, 3 baths. Garage and flower garden. Unusual opportunity for right people. **Mrs. Robert Treat Whitehouse, 108 Vaughan St.**

$2,600 for 50-acre farm bordering tidal river; accessible for large boats; fishing, bathing; picturesque scenery; quaint old farmhouse, 3 fireplaces; stable. MAINE LAKES & COAST CO., Portland, Maine

ROCKLAND, MAINE
For sale or rent, at Rockland Breakwater, near Samoset Hotel, desirable summer cottages. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 servants' rooms, servants' bath. Garage. **J. K. Smith, 115 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

For Rent **1½-story house, furnished** at East Union, Me., on Route 101. 9 rooms, large garage. ½ mile from Lermond and Crawford Ponds and Alford Lake. Perch, pickerel, and salmon fishing. Season's rental. **Ernest C. Davis, Rockland, Me.**

40-ACRE ISLAND
opposite Rockland, Me. Well wooded. Heavy stone dock. Driven well of purest water. Sand beach. Exceptional opportunity for camp or private home. Reasonable terms. **Mrs. Wilbur Lyon, Longacre 0856, 500 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.**

Seashore Cottage Rent for season 6 rooms, bath, hot and cold water, electric lights; fully furnished. S. W. LITTELL, 1383 S. Main St., Rockland, Me.

READ THIS ONE
Lake shore property for sale at Tacoma Lake. 9-room dwelling, stable, garage, ice-house, hen-house, 85 acres land. Fruit trees, lumber, wood, 4 camps in pine grove shore lake, bathing beach; water in house and stable, electric lights. 1 mile to store and trolley, 15 miles to Augusta; good automobile roads. Very desirable summer estate, or location for boys' recreation camp. $8,500. A. N. SOULE, Agent, Augusta, Me.

For Real Estate and other Classified Advertising see the three following pages

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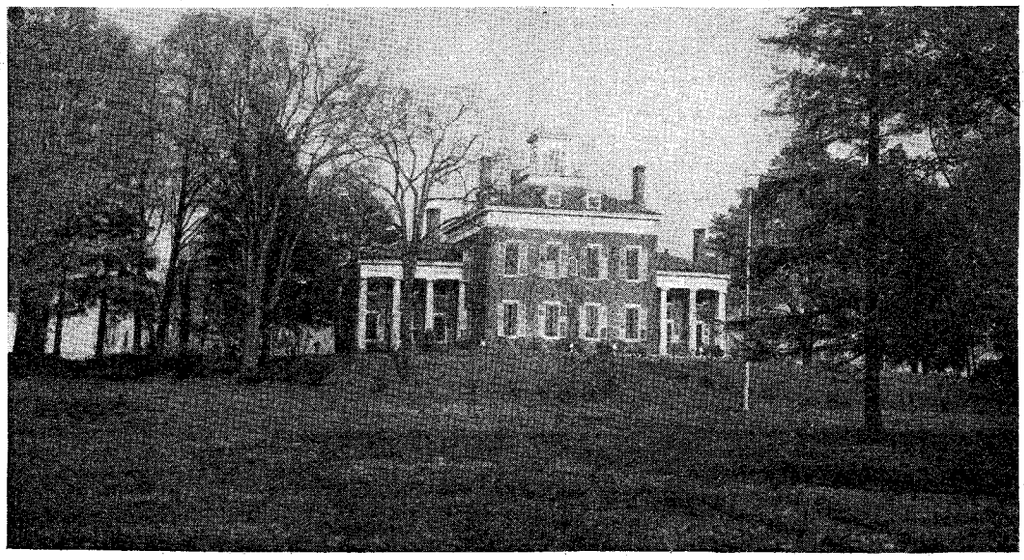
From every window - - - the magnificent sweep of the Connecticut Valley



THE MANSION

FOR SALE: At Enfield, Connecticut - - -

"LONG VIEW"

JUST above Hartford, conveniently situated on the main New York to Boston highway, lies an unique estate moderately priced. A picturesque and charming English park stretches from the road up to an impressive Colonial mansion, set among magnificent old trees. The main house, in superb condition, is of brick and ideally planned for a gentleman's estate, a school, or a fine club house. It contains ten master's rooms with modern baths, ample servants' quarters, *real* fireplaces in every room, the finest of floors and fixtures, and is equipped with town water, electricity and steam heat throughout.

ONE hundred and twenty-five acres of magnificent land reach out to all sides, partly wooded and cultivated with shrubs and flowers in abundance. A pond offers a charming spot in summer, and skating or ice-cutting during the winter.

THE LODGE

ON the grounds are garages, large farm barns and stable. In addition, there is a commodious and comfortable lodge containing eleven rooms and two baths and a large attic, which may be used as a dormitory or as caretaker's quarters.

YOU are cordially invited to inspect this estate and to be taken through the grounds and buildings. "Long View" is being offered at a fraction of its cost, and represents a true bargain to its purchaser.

For full information apply to

STUART MONTGOMERY, Agt.

Room 1001
84 State Street

Boston
Massachusetts

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SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION

Maine

OAKWOOD FARM

Gentleman's Country Estate, Scarboro, Me.

Near Portland airport, 10 minutes by auto from Prout's Neck, 15 from Portland, near State road. House of 20 rooms, spacious; 5 master bedrooms, 4 large bathrooms, servants' quarters. Electricity, electric elevator, telephone, sewerage, Sebago Lake water, vapor steam-heater heats entire house comfortably in winter. 2 large screened porches. Large garage for horses and 4 cars, 5-room apartment above. Greenhouse with special heater, small apple orchard, many trees, lilacs. Located on brow of Oak Hill with row of elms in front, grand view of the sea, 3 miles away. 9 acres cleared land for lawn. For sale at low price of $20,000, on terms.
Mrs. W. L. Holt, Oakwood Farm, Scarboro, Me.

YORK, MAINE

FOR SALE

2½ Miles from Ogunquit

Solidly built summer residence. Most desirable neighborhood, adjoining land of Episcopal church and Bald Head Cliff, near golf links. 3½ acres of land; 290 feet of ocean front; magnificent cliffs; garden, garage. House has handsome paneling and hardwood floors, two baths, maids' toilet, electric lights, telephone. Wide veranda, also 2 screened verandas. Address

M. C. SWETT

71 Upland Road, Brookline, Mass.

YORK CLIFFS ON THE MAINE COAST

The companionship of the surf . . . the magic of adjoining woods . . . the charming dignity of the Maine Coast . . . all that is pleasant to contemplate in a country home is found at its *best* . . . at "Seawold."

An ideal nine-room cottage, with large open wood-burning fireplace, pantry, bathroom, extra toilet, fine water supply and independent sewage system.

Three acres situated on a picturesque cove with rocks and ocean bounding two sides. Only 15 miles N. E. of Portsmouth, N. H. Passaconaway Inn and a dozen private cottages near by.

Price $17,000. Terms easy.

Apply EDO E. MERCELIS
60 Broad Street New York City

YORK HARBOR, ME.

10-room furnished house for sale or rent. 3 baths, 2 fireplaces, unusually large living-room, wide porch, fire-resistant roof, servant's dining-room and porch. MRS. HAMLIN, 39 Claremont Ave., New York.

MAINE COAST

An 8-room bungalow at **West Brooklyn**, with all modern appointments, such as bath, fireplace, hardwood floors, large piazza, etc. Walls of delicately tinted plaster. The place is fully equipped, and scrupulously clean throughout. Scenery unsurpassed. Excellent boating and fishing.

Northern Pines, Wiscasset, Maine

Maine's village beautiful. Log cabins of 4 rooms. Fireplace and large piazza all new. $2,000 with 2 lots. Send for booklet.
Northern Pines, Inc., 309 Fidelity Bldg., Portland, Me.

For Rent 7-room cottage, on the Atlantic. Biddeford Pool district. Veranda on three sides; safe bathing, boating, etc. S. A. HOPKINS, Cisco, Texas.

Maryland

Frederick, Md. For sale, modern 7-room house

Bath, large porches, garage, garden. 9 acres, all kinds of fruit, berries, shrubbery, large lawn. Located 4 miles from historic Frederick, 34 miles from Washington on Susquehanna Trail. Wonderful panorama overlooking Monocacy Battlefield, Frederick, and Blue Ridge Mts. For further details write
P. S. Lansdale, 35 E. Church St., Frederick, Md.

Massachusetts

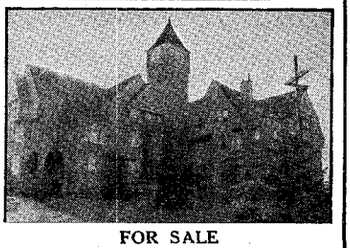
Amherst Rare opportunity in beautiful college town, **16-room modern home**, with apple orchard and view of 60 miles of Berkshire Mountains. 4 baths, running water in bedrooms, gas and electricity. 3-car heated garage. Attractive price, to settle estate.
G. B. BURNETT, Amherst, Mass.

CHARMING COTTAGE in BERKSHIRES

FOR SALE

Elevation 1,700 ft. Furnished or unfurnished. 2-car garage. Near farmhouse, one mile from village. Very reasonable. 9,159, Outlook.

Massachusetts



FOR SALE

BROOKLINE, MASS.

Hilltop overlooking Boston

Mansion with two wings connected by high tower. Each wing modern and complete. Suitable for two large families or school. Four-car garage with five-room apartment. Attic and extra play-room. Tennis, basketball courts, summer-house. Address
State Street Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

CAPE COD

For Sale, Spacious Summer Home in the pines near the beach. 5 bedrooms, attractive living-room, all conveniences, 2-car garage; 2 acres, near Belmont Hotel and Herring River, West Harwich. Water and land sports near at hand. Further particulars.
Walter A. Briggs, Esq., Attleboro, Mass.

CAPE COD Longnook Beach Old Truro

Furnished cottages, $250 to $495 for season. Private colony, ocean front, electric lights, bath, fireplaces, screened porches. Mrs. L. C. Greenleaf, 6 Upland Ave., Dorchester, Mass.

Cape Cod—South Dennis

Cape Cod house, 125 years old, completely restored; original paneling in dining-room and 2 living-rooms; 3 open fireplaces; 5 master and 2 maids' rooms; 3 baths. electric lights; own water system and plumbing all new; 2-car garage; one acre high ground; Grand Cove, off Bass River; price $22,500; brokers protected. **Owner, H. H. FOSTER, 15 East 49th St., New York City.**

Truro, Cape Cod

108-year-old house, renovated and furnished. 8 rooms. Bathroom, kitchen, 4 fireplaces, 2-car garage. Season rent.....$750.

BUNGALOW—7 furnished rooms. Bathroom, kitchen, 1-car garage, ocean front, fine view, excellent bathing. Season rent.....$450.

Apply by letter to
F. A. W., 35 Fruit St., Boston, Mass.

OCEAN-FRONT BUNGALOWS

Moderate Rentals
S. OSBORN BALL, Truro, Mass.

TRURO, Cape Cod. $400 season rental, cottage completely furnished, 7 rooms, bath; garage; 25-foot screened porch; bay and surf bathing. C. A. SLADE, Truro, Mass.

Cape Cod, West Dennis FOR RENT

Furnished cottage suitable for 2. In pines, on small lake, near good beach. Electricity, shower bath. $350 season. Mrs. A. C. McKillop, 40 Algonquin Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

West Harwich by the Sea

CAPE COD

Near Hotel Belmont, large 8-room furnished house. Fireplace, hot and cold water, two-car garage, servants' quarters, electric lights, select location; good bathing water, 73. $1,000 season. C. W. Warner, 10 Hawley Pl., Boston.

SEASHORE COTTAGE SIASCONSET

Nantucket, Mass. Six rooms and bath, comfortably furnished. $400 for season. 9,317, Outlook.

FOR RENT OR SALE

WOODS HOLE, MASS.

Early American remodeled, 11 rooms, 3 fireplaces, 2 baths. 4 minutes' walk to bathing beach, 3 to golf links; convenient trains, boats. C. R. KNIGHT, 27 West 67th St., New York.

For rent, furnished cottage in Berkshire Hills region. 6 rooms, bath, open fireplaces. 1,700 ft. altitude. Magnificent view. Lovely brook on property. Garage. $250 season. Also 7-room farmhouse, unfurnished, $50. Dr. F. N. DAVENPORT, 119 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.

Massachusetts

Farm or Summer Home

FOR SALE

321 acres, ¾ mile from Jacob's Ladder Route at Bonny Rigg Four Corners: 14-room house, slate roofs, and 2 large barns in first-class condition; modern hennery, 4-car garage and workshop combined; ½ million feet standing timber; 2,000 cords of wood; excellent trout brook; large body of water can be dammed up at small expense; elevation 1,850 feet. Thorough inspection invited at any time. Chester Granite Quarries, Inc., Chester, Mass.

New Hampshire

FOR SALE—Owl's Nest, Dublin, N. H.

Summer home on Monadnock Lake. 2 acres, 150 ft. lake-front. House 10 rooms, porches, fireplaces. Garage, stable, boathouse. Unusual opportunity. Furthur details.
M. W. CARLETON, 81 Elm St., Barre, Vt.

GILMANTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Robinswood INN Cottages

Bungalows and Adult Camp

Tourists' Rest Center

of New England vacation land. Climatic, scenic, social advantages. Address Manager for descriptive booklet.

LAKE ASQUAM, N. H.

FOR RENT, camp, 600 ft. from shore of lake. Living-room, 7 bedrooms, dining-room, bath, kitchen. Running water, electric lights, garage, tennis court, dock, bathing beach. For season, $700, or at reduced rate from July 1. MALCOLM TAYLOR, 1 Joy St., Boston, Mass.

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. SARGENT & Co., New London, N. H.
Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

FOR SALE — Senikook Farm

One of the most desirable estates in southern New Hampshire (29 miles from Manchester) on Suncook River. 285 acres, 70 of them under cultivation; 350 unexcelled apple trees, tract of growing lumber. Colonial house, 10 rooms, bath, electricity, steam heat, fireplace in living-room. Cottage for foreman. 2 barns, ice and corn houses, also 2-car garage. Unusual opportunity. Further details.
Mrs. A. H. BICKFORD, Pittsfield, N. H.

Randolph, N. H. FOR RENT, Attractive Cottage

All modern conveniences, mountain spring water in house, garage, magnificent view. $375. J. H. BOURNE, Bradford, Mass.

FOR SALE On Squam, New Hampshire's most beautiful and exclusive lake, 125 acres, 1,300 ft. shore-front, 200 ft. elevation above lake, 750 ft. above sea-level. Wonderful view of Squam, Winnepesaukee, several smaller lakes, and the White Mts. Fields large enough for golf. Large house and small cottage. Ideal location for private estate, hotel, school, or sanitarium; secluded but accessible; 3 miles from Daniel Webster Highway. Also another tract of land, 100 acres, 3,000 ft. on Squam Lake; fine cottage lots, sand beaches; fine location for school, including 9-room farm building; also 5-room cottage on point of land covered with large pine trees, 300 ft. shore beach, 2 acres land. Address
Percy Kelley, Centre Harbor, N. H.

FOR SALE COTTAGE HOUSE. Electric lights, furnace, ideal neighborhood, shade and fruit trees, well water, good schools; 2 minutes to churches, stores, P. O. and R. R. station; on street to beautiful lake with boating and bathing. Permanent or summer home; could be used for two tenements. Reason for selling, going West. WILLIAM I. IDE, West Swanzey, N. H.

ON LAKE, HEART OF WHITE Mts., for rent, quaint renovated 10-room farmhouse, attractively furnished, all modern conveniences, fireplace, sleeping-porch 30x16, barn, 50 acres, canoe, ice. Beauty spot Franconia Notch Valley; fine bathing and tramping. C. H. RAYMOND, Lawrenceville, N. J.

New Hampshire

NEW HAMPSHIRE

2,000 Acres for Sale

In the Foothills of the White Mountains

near the Connecticut River, including whole shore of lake; high elevation; several old farmhouses; extensive wooded hills, pastures, fields; two sugar orchards. Between two main rail and automobile routes, and yet isolated. Unique opportunity for private estate, sports club, school, or institution.

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15 State Street
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New Jersey

FOR SALE BAY HEAD, N. J.

3-story frame cottage, 10 rooms, 2 baths, sleeping-porch, 1-car garage, complete outside copper screens, 2 squares from the ocean $10,000, including furniture. Commission to brokers. R. R. Foulke, 505 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Bradley Beach, N. J. For Rent summer. Cottage tastefully furnished All improvements. Corner. Ideal location
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Cedar Lake, Denville, N. J. FOR SALE attractive lake shore cottage. Five rooms, bath, well furnished, every convenience, large living-porch, stone fireplace, furnace, double garage, dock and boats. High elevation. Rare chance for those demanding comfort and restricted locality. Phone Whitehall 7166 or write
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New York

Adirondacks **Auger Lake**

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We offer some choice lots in private development in lower Adirondacks, with natural spring-fed lake and pine forest. Carefully restricted. Prices moderate. Write for complete information to Tawiskarou Corporation, 107 Brandywine Ave., Schenectady, N. Y.

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New York

FOR SALE—Dutchess Co., N.Y. 30-room **Hotel,** furnished. Improvements, baths, dance hall, music, servants' quarters; garage, icehouse, 2 acres; shade, lawns, State road, 2 minutes to depot. Best of terms. Write F. J. FRALEIGH, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Three Big Estates, to close estates, are offered at one-third of their value. Also smaller places, such as cottages, camps, farms. Some rentals. Excellent lists. Write ROBERTS, Real Estate, Elizabethtown, N.Y.

East Tiana Bay, Hampton Bays, L. I.
For sale, 4¼ acres, 1,000 ft. water-front, 3 furnished houses, 25 fruit and 25 shade trees, grape vines, etc., 300 ft. crescent sandy beach, private dock. Near entrance to Shinnecock Bay, very beautiful outlook. Must be seen to be appreciated. Price $13,000. Mortgages of $8,000. Will rent for summer. Address **T. B. Miller, West Hampton Beach, N.Y.**

FOR SALE Summer Home
Ideal for family with children. North Shore, Long Island. Rare location, 60 miles from New York, among wooded hills overlooking water. 7 bedrooms, 3 baths. 4 acres or more. Address owner **H. Crosby, 117 Tuthill St., Port Jefferson, N. Y.**

FOR SALE On the Hudson
7-room furnished house in the woods, one mile from Bear Mountain Bridge. 600 sq. ft. of screened porch. Apply to M. F. NELSON, 71 Main St., Highland Falls, N. Y.

For Sale Residence. 12 rooms, heat, water, electricity. Good repair. Located attractive village of **Kinderhook, New York,** 21 miles south of Albany. Churches, good schools, stores, etc. near by. Will sell less than half cost to reproduce. GEORGE H. DAVIE, Kinderhook, N. Y.

Lake George Camp for Rent, Furnished
Opposite Roger Rock. 4 rooms, screened porch, spring water, flush toilet, electricity, garage, rowboat, ice, wood, fishing, safe bathing. Only 2 camps on well-wooded lot of 3¾ acres. 5 miles to golf course. Season $300. Chas. C. Holden, Box 698, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

Lake George, N.Y. FOR SALE
Ideal summer camp, furnished. 7 rooms, 2 baths, all improvements; large screened porch, garage, ice-house. Own shore-front, west side lake. Mile from Lake George Country Club. George E. Sealy, 11 W. 42d St., N. Y. C.

FOR SALE or RENT Assembly Point, Lake George, N.Y.
Attractive 8-room cottage, private sandy beach in own cove, 418 feet shore-front, ice-house filled, good dock.
F. W. WILMARTH, 11 E. 44th St., N. Y. City.

TO RENT Lake George, N. Y. Summer cottages and bungalows. For sale, fine building lots. A. B. Leotand, 137 Glen St., Glens Falls, N. Y.

130 Fertile Acres, with Stream
Fine Colonial residence, beautified and improved by a wealthy gentleman, 14 rooms, bathrooms, servants' quarters, fireplaces, oak floors, vaporized heat, electricity, complete set buildings. Exclusive neighborhood, 7 minutes to R. R. center. Heirs will sell for $27,000, ¼ original cost. $7,000 cash. Inspection by appointment. F. E. DRUMM, Niverville, N.Y.

Peekskill—Queen Anne house, 18 rooms, some very large; 3 acres, 2 other buildings; needs much repair; near heart of town, quiet locality; fine old shade trees. Development possibility. To settle estate. Cash, no agents. H. H. DURRIN, 1011 Park St., Peekskill, N. Y.

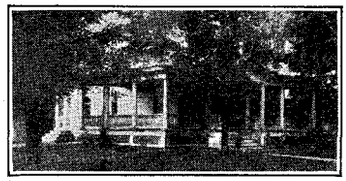
For Sale or Rent Cottage on Springfield Road. All modern conveniences. White Face in distance, ¾ mile from river. Write IRENE JAQUES, Wilmington, N.Y.

NEAR THOUSAND ISLANDS, on State highway, Colonial brick house, 18 rooms, charming location, hotel and tourist site, 30 acres. E. STONE, Brier Hill, N. Y.

FOR RENT IN WOODLAND VALLEY
HUNTER'S LOG CABIN, 4 rooms, modern improvements. 9,449, Outlook.

FOR SALE
100 Acres of Land
in the town of Woodstock, Ulster County, near Mount Tremper. This land is mostly hilly woodland. There is a small trout creek that makes the boundary on one side of this land. There are a number of acres quite flat and suitable for bungalows. For particulars address Miss W. M. MOIR, Marcellus, N. Y.

New York



FOR SALE Near Sharon Springs, New York
Beautiful home in village of Ames. 10 rooms; front veranda 9x50 feet; screened-in back veranda 10x12 feet; barn and garage 38x60 feet; buildings lighted with electricity; three acres; hot air; large shade trees; fine well water. Close proximity to churches and school; three miles of macadam road brings you to famous Sharon Springs. Ideal home for one who loves charm and restfulness, or wishes to avail themselves of the medicinal waters and baths of Sharon Springs. This property must be seen to be appreciated. Price $8,000.
A. V. KLOCK, M.D., Ames, New York.

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FOR SALE—Hotel in Mid-South
Delightful small hotel in section eagerly sought for climate. House in excellent condition. Clientele exceptional. Rare opportunity. 9,145, Outlook.

Oregon

For Sale—116-Acre Ranch
Douglas County, Oregon. Five miles from shipping point, less than 1 mile off Roseburg-Coos Bay highway; 40 acres tillable, balance pasture and good timber. Any reasonable cash offer will be considered. 9,429, Outlook.

Pennsylvania

BONNY BROOK Suburban home, 7 minutes from Center of Carlisle, Pa. Brick mansion, 12 rooms, all conveniences. Old shade, beautiful setting, pure trout stream at edge of lawn, abundance shrubs and flowers. Tenant house, other buildings; 115 acres, 900 bearing apple trees. College city, 18 miles from State Capitol, in heart of Cumberland Valley. Best roads all directions. Photos and information. W. C. STEPHENS, Carlisle, Pa.

FOR RENT, Furnished Cabin in Pennsylvania hills, 4 miles south of Reading; 2 rooms, kitchenette, and shower. Ideal place for writer or artist. Address Box 21, R. D. 1, Birdsboro, Pa.

Farm Home and Nursery
of about 63 acres in beautiful and socially desirable location within easy reach of PHILADELPHIA. Modernized Colonial stone house well back (some 80 yds.) from concrete State road, barn, stream, etc. Some 3,000 ft. valuable frontage. Near main line of Penn. R. R. and Lincoln Highway. Nearly 50 acres in Christmas trees (5 to 12 years old) and standard evergreens. Ideal opportunity for man or woman trained in landscape architecture or nursery business. Only $62,000.
C. G. HOAG, Haverford, Pa.

For sale—6 rooms and bath, stucco bungalow. Cement cellar, slate roof, wash trays, hot-air heat, white bathroom plumbing, gas and electricity. H. REES, Roslyn, Pa.

SEVENTY ACRES
Situated at east side of the beautiful city of Titusville, Pennsylvania. Four producing oil wells, ⅛ royalty from eighteen oil wells; thirty-six building lots; also oak, pine, and chestnut timber. Address
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SALE—Pennsylvania Country Estate
30 acres, large house, 2 tenant houses, stable, garage, etc. 15 acres lawns and gardens. Wonderful opportunity for school or sanitarium. Situated in beautiful Montg. Co., 40 miles from Phila. Fine train service. 9,451, Outlook.

Rhode Island

JAMESTOWN, R. I.
For Sale or Rent, Furnished Summer Cottage
SHOREBY HILL PARK
Has 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, large porch, and garage. Near bathing beach, casino, golf links, and post office.
TOWNSEND & KINDLEBERGER
31 Nassau Street, New York City

JAMESTOWN, Rhode Island
Water-front cottage, garage, private wharf, 4½ acres land, for rent for summer season, $1,000. Charming location, secluded yet very convenient to all summer colony activities. For details address CONANT TAYLOR, 19 Winthrop Ave., Marblehead, Mass.

TO RENT At Weekapaug, R. I.
facing the ocean, for season June 15 to Sept. 15, charming bungalow. Large bedroom, living-room with fireplace, sleeping-porch, kitchenette, and bathroom. References given and required. Apply
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Vermont

Arlington, Vermont
FOR SALE—Fine 8-room, 2-story house, with slate roof, electric lights, fine running water. Furnace heat and cemented basement. Also has building for garage. 5 minutes' walk to P. O., stores, and R. R. station. Is between Bennington and Manchester. Price low to close estate. F. S. BUCK, Adm., Springfield, Vt.

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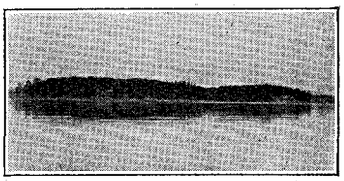
FOR SUMMER RENTING
Address **Mrs. C. L. Lee, Dorset, Vt.**

For RENT In beautiful Manchester-in-the-Mountains, Vt., seven-room cottage, modern improvements. 3 minutes from church, P. O., library. Inquire Box 415, Manchester, Vt.

Furnished Cottages
W. B. Edgerton Real Estate
Manchester, Vt.

Summer rental, on beautiful Lake Willoughby, Westmore, Vermont
Commodious 9-room house, furnished, modern conveniences, ample grounds, auto storage. Boating, bathing, fishing near at hand. Extensive woodlands. References exchanged. **T. H. Root, Westmore, R. F. D. No. 2, Orleans, Vt.**

Vermont



LAKE CHAMPLAIN
FOR LEASE for term of years at nominal price, 10-acre island suitable for camp or summer residence. 8-room house, 2 cottages, unfurnished. 2 miles from R.R. depot, store, etc. Unusual opportunity. 9,467, Outlook.

For Rent, Furnished, 8-room bungalow, on lake, and 5-room cottage. Spring water, fireplace, screened piazza, garage, electric light. 9,439, Outlook.

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Opportunity to buy unusually desirable 285-acre country place in delightful Piedmont section of Virginia. Offered at low price to close estate. FRANK PURYEAR, Orange, Va.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

AS companion to woman fond of travel and sports, by young lady. References. 8,389, Outlook.

CANADIAN lady desires position as mother's helper, governess, or companion, in BALTIMORE or vicinity. Experienced teacher, fond of children. Available last of July. 8,418, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, 23, musical education, desires position for summer as secretary or companion. Will travel. References exchanged. 8,417, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, educational, social, executive, and traveling experience, desires occupation during summer months. 8,411, Outlook.

COMPANION to refined Christian lady or young girls going to travel abroad; 32, college education, speaks four languages. Expenses only. References exchanged. 8,420, Outlook.

COMPANION. Young man, 20, college graduate, desires position as companion to older man or couple. Secretarial. Travel or residence. References. Free after June 15. 8,406, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE secretary, manager, hostess—Woman of exceptional experience and ability—cultured, energetic, artistic, desires position club, inn, or other high-grade institution catering to discriminating people, demanding home atmosphere, cuisine, etc. 8,404, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

GOVERNESS, mother's assistant. Educated, experienced woman, fond of children. 8,416, Outlook.

GRADUATED nurse, German-American, unencumbered, cheerful, excellent traveler, or supervising servants, nurse-companion with couple or gentleman. Highest credentials from distinguished New York doctors. 8,318, Outlook.

NEW England woman wishes position as managing housekeeper. Excellent references. 8,415, Outlook.

OXFORD graduate and wife, medical students, desire summer position—secretary, chauffeur, companion, tutor, governess. 8,419, Outlook.

OWNER and manager of an apartment hotel in Florida, catering to high class clientele, desires to become associated with an apartment or hotel for summer season in New England, along New Jersey coast or near-by mountain resorts. First class references furnished and required. 8,414, Outlook.

POSITION as assistant in tea room. Country preferred. References exchanged. 8,410, Outlook.

PRINCIPAL wishes to hear of summer colony where organized games, handcraft, and music would be welcome for children all ages. Position with family considered. 8,412, Outlook.

PRIVATE teacher, middle-aged; companion, family assistant, directing children's studies, music, languages. 8,399, Outlook.

REFINED young man desires position with concern having foreign branches. Have been in Europe and South America. 8,405, Outlook.

STUDENT in college, male, Protestant, desires position for summer months as tutor for young man, 12 to 17. Can furnish references. 8,413, Outlook.

WOMAN, college graduate, American Protestant, with experience, wishes permanent *position as secretary. References exchanged.* 8,407, Outlook.

WOMAN executive wishes position as director of an institution or high-class club. References. 8,408, Outlook.

YOUNG woman with institutional and business training and experience wishes position as housekeeper in a high class private home. 8,409, Outlook.

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SOCIAL economic independence assured men and women who will use the instructions I have to offer in APPLIED METAPHYSICS with "fixed principle, a given rule, and unmistakable proof." ADOLF WERUM, 11 W. 42d St., N. Y. C. Telephone Chickering 0171.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

WILL take small baby in private home in beautiful village, thirty minutes from New York City. Love and efficient care. Highest references. P. O. Box 352, Ridgewood, N. J.

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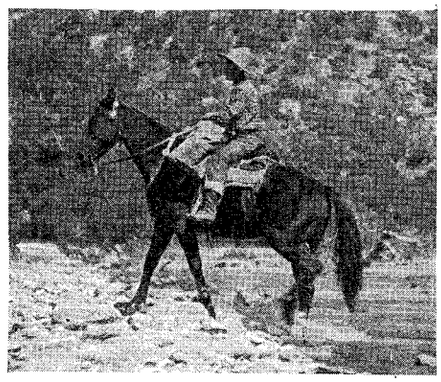

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Chicago Laughs and Big Bill Loses

(*Continued from page 653*)

attitude was assisted by the victors. The anti-machine forces were of course made up of a substratum of professional Deneen workers, in it for blood, politically speaking, and of a considerable detachment of burning-eyed moralists imagining that here was another Armageddon in which to save society from something. But it is doubtful if these two elements together made enough to beat the Crowe-Thompson organization strength or that, except for a few private feuds like the one in which the Deneen Negro worker was murdered, the machine took them seriously enough to train the machine guns upon them.

The real victory, it is to be believed, was won by the silk-stocking, more or less sophisticated balance of voters who have believed all along that the Thompson "America first" and "Big Bill the Builder" ballyhoos have been vaudeville of the first water. These are the same people who concluded more recently that State's Attorney Crowe's charges that Senator Deneen planted a bomb under his own house to make a nine days' martyr of himself were a little beyond the last word in ludicrous extravaganza, and who all along have suspected that even the carnival of murderous beer wars of international notoriety was not without a certain wildly picaresque humor. A year ago these voters may have allowed Mayor Thompson to step back into his present office because it all seemed too much of a comedy to take seriously, and it was more amusing on election day, with the banks and stock exchanges closed, to play golf or go fishing. But meanwhile, having been teased on every railroad journey and by every transient visitor and in every intelligent publication from Greenland to Tierra del Fuego, including the Scandinavian, about Chicago's super-devilishness and super-maudlin sentimentalities, they decided on April 10 that the joke had gone far enough and that they would go out and end it.

On their almost non-fatal but possibly historic primary day they resolutely, but without heroics, went out and did this. And, in spite of the noble words of the local editorial writers and the pulpit exhortations of the previous Sunday, they stepped to their task jauntily and with glints of amusement in their eyes rather than the challenging fury of zealots. One had but to see them going to the polls, and laughing about it, to realize that an American city at last was being reformed—or at least reasonably chastened—by somebody else than its professional reformers. If no shooting happened, it was because even hopelessly defeated gangsters, glowering at their luck and their possible disciplinary loss of fat organization jobs, found it impossible to feel offended enough to order out the machine guns.

WHAT of the organization they "smashed," as the jubilant Chicago headline word goes? Its setback may or may not be fatal, but inevitably its collapse points to the abysmal gulf between an amateur Tammany and the real thing.

If one can imagine Tammany taking a super-Hylan and giving him complete rope for speech-making and stage enterprises, and on top of that venting all the campaign billingsgate on its opponents instead of taking the gross charges of the opposition with a touching martyrdom; if one can imagine Tammany winning its way by thuggery and murder instead of by universal geniality and diplomatic charity, and at last, as in the Crowe bomb accusations, striking out with charges ludicrous enough to make every East Side gangster laugh—then you can imagine the Crowe-Thompson machine holding the fort against the American sense of humor.

Only it didn't. Which may explain why even such talented wits as "Big Bill the Builder" sometimes fail.

Tell Me a Story

(*Continued from page 669*)

idea; so bright that she ran off through the bushes squeaking with delight. Why, the house-on-stilts was just like her, and Boomerang Black Man was just like Baby Kangaroo leaning against her knees! All she needed was a prop. But what kind? A pole would be so awkward to carry about, and, besides, it would be just like her to leave it in some desert place just when she needed it most. No, she and her prop must be fastened together for good.

Then Ma squeaked again, till Baby came running to see what was up. Why, of course! She would just grow her tail longer and longer until it was exactly the right length, and then she could use it as a prop.

So she did. And now when Baby Kangaroo leaned against her knees, basking in the sun as he loved to do, he could slap a fly or scratch his head or do anything he liked, and still he and Ma sat as comfy as you please, with her tail propped behind her. And to this day though all kangaroos have big hind paws and big prop tails, their front paws are quite small. Somehow Ma Kangaroo never got around to that.

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